THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE NEW MOVEMENT.

Enemies and Conditions That Surround England, and That Must be Taken Into Account, by the Irish National Alliance.

How Great Britain Stopped Russia at the Gates of Constantinople, and How the Bear Meditates Vengeance On the Lion.

BY A. L. MORRISON.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

In the history of the Turco-Russian war, by Prof. Schun, it is said "Russia and England are opposed to each other on all questions to the East, because they are rivals for trade and dominion there. The political and commercial relations of either nation are so closely connected with every part of Asia that hardly a question can arise with reference to any part of the continent that will not affect the interests of one or the other of them, and often bring them into conflict, and the time is looked forward to as possibly not far distant, when the pioneer armies of the two states shall meet to dispute the boundary line. It is chiefly by reason of these circumstances that the Eastern question has acquired greater importance for England and Russia at this time (1878) than it ever had, even during the Crimean war. For it is since then that Russia stretched so far towards the East that its continued advance can be regarded as involving a definite threat to the integrity of the British Empire, and what was then only a vague question of general influence and of events which might take place in a distant future has become for England an intensely practical problem of the safety of its Indian empire. The question is all the more momentous for England, because its tenure of India is in reality very frail. Its 200,000 or more colonists in India are only as a drop in a bucket by the side of the 245,000,000 of the native and Mohammedan population; and all the armies it could pour into the country would be insufficient to repress an insurrection supported by such able and skilled leaders as they possess of both races.

"The British had a foretaste of the difficulties they would encounter in case of such an insurrection in the mutiny of 1857, and have since then constantly given their best attention to the provision of measures that would render it impossible for a rebellion to gain headway. The best of such measures would be futile if a powerful neighbor were on the frontier, ready, for the sake of promoting its own interests, to stir up discontent and give assistance to a revolt. Russia, it is feared, might become such a neighbor. Within the last fifteen years (this was written sixteen years ago) Russia has acquired a dominion in Central Asia as large as the Austrian and German empires and Belgium combined, and has founded lines of trade which extend away into the western provinces of China and almost to the borders of British India itself. Its manufactures and merchants control the markets of this vast region. Its goods come into competition with those of England, and in some places have crowded them out. It is fixing the settlement of its new territories, establishing civilization, replacing the nomadic and predatory occupations of its former inhabitants with steady industries and enlightened enterprises, and is preparing the deserts to become the seats of prosperous states; but in doing all this it is strengthening itself effectually at all points where it might come in the way of its rival, England. At present the Russians are understood to have their eyes fixed on Merv, an important trading post in southeastern Turkestan, about equally distant from the Afghan and Persian boundary lines and an easy march from Herat in Afghanistan.

Now of what importance is Herat? Let two English writers inform us. The bearing of the Russian advances on British interests in the East is clearly set forth in Mr. Rawlinson's "The British in Asia," published in 1875, which carefully reviews the question in all its points. Speaking of the movements of the Russians, which seemed to indicate a purpose to advance towards Merv, he says they evidently mean mischief. "Political objects, of high import, could alone justify to movement. These necessarily point to Herat, which would be at the mercy of a European power holding Merv, and whence India would be seriously threatened. Herat possesses natural advantages of quite an exceptional character. It is the frontier town between Persia and India. It is connected by high roads with the capitals of all the surrounding countries, lying in an admirable climate, and is situated in the midst of one of the fertile and populous valleys in Asia. Above all, the city is surrounded by earthworks of the most colossal character, dating from pre-historic times. Russia, in possession of Herat, would hold a grip on India, which would control the military resources of Persia and Afghanistan, and would oblige the English to increase their frontier army by at least 20,000 men. It is the pivot of the whole Eastern question, and is the key to India." Prof. Schun adds: "The importance which the British have attached to the freedom of Herat is shown by the fact that they sent an expedition to the Persian gulf in 1838, in order, by effecting a diversion to compel the Persians to raise the siege of Herat, and later, when the Persian troops occupied the place in 1856, went to war with the Shah to compel their withdrawal. English writers acknowledge that Russia has gained advantages over their statesmen in negotiations, both with the Asiatics and with the British government itself, and blame the blundering and halting diplomacy which has permitted such a result."

Capt. Burnaby, of the British Horse Guards, says, in his "Ride to Khiva," that he found the Russian advance talked about by the Tartars and Turcomans of Khiva, and relates a conversation he had with the Khan of Khiva, in which that chief spoke of the Russian advance and seemed to be a little surprised that the English regarded it with so much unconcern. "Well," said the Khan, "the Russians will now advance to Kashgar, then to Bokhara and Balkh, and so on to Merv and Herat; you will have to fight some day, whether your government likes it or not." What these English writers predicted as a dangerous probability sixteen or twenty years ago is an accomplished fact today. Several years ago Russia captured not only Merv but other territory in advance thereof, and now her columns are within a few easy marches of Herat, the key to India. The Khan of Khiva had good reason to dread the Russian advance, for, a year or two after his conversation with Capt. Burnaby (quoted above), a Russian army, led by Gen. Kaufman, marched into Khiva and persuaded the Khan that it would be to his interest to abdicate his crown in favor of the Czar and permit him to govern in his place. This coup de etat is graphically described by the late Irish-American correspondent, J. A. MacGahan, in his "Conquest of Khiva." This work is the result of one of the most daring adventures ever accomplished, and is only equalled by the marvelous "Story of Merv," by Emond O'Donovan, who was actually made Khan of Merv by the free choice of the inhabitants themselves

How strange it is that young Irishmen spend their golden hours in reading such rubbish as is now daily held before them by Kippling and Haggard and others of that ilk, and remain ignorant of the works of their own countrymen, whose almost incredible adventures surpass the dreams of fiction. If Russia had stood in the same position during the Crimean or the Turco-Russian wars, British India would be Russian India today, and England would have fallen to the rank of a second or third-rate power, but, as already stated, she bided her time. Not only has Russia added the extent of (as Schun says) Austria, Germany and Belgium to her already enormous empire, but she has given the warlike Turkomans a better system of government than their own, as she has lightened their taxes and improved their condition in every way. In fact, where England has made enemies of the Hindoos and Mahomedans of British India, Russia has made friends of the tribes of Turkestan, and where the war cries of the Nomads were the dreaded but familiar sounds eight or ten years ago, the shrill whistle of the locomotive awakes the echoes of the Turkestan steppes today. A railroad reaches from Moscow to Merv, or very nearly. The Caspian is what the British dread it would be, a Russian lake on which war and merchant steamers ply in every direction. In case of war with England, Russia could hurl 100,000 men into British India before her enemy could have 20,000 men through the Suez Canal. This is very plain, but how do the present Eastern complications affect the route to India, the two routes I may say? A map of Asia will show just where Russia's frontier strikes that of Turkey; to defend that line against Russian encroachments a powerful quadrilateral of forts had been erected many years ago, viz Erzeroum, where the horrible massacres which are horrifying the world are now being perpetrated, Batum and Trebizond, on the Black Sea, and Kars, the strongest and most important of all.

It may be remembered that during the Crimean war Kars was captured by the Russians after a gallant and desperate defense by the Turks, under the English Gen. Williams, but in the treaty of peace Russia was compelled to evacuate the fortress, and it reverted back to Turkey. Immediately on the declaration of war in 1878 a strong Russian army laid siege to Kars again, but was driven back by the Turks with great loss; but so great was the importance attached to this powerful stronghold that another siege was begun and terminated successfully, and in the treaty of San Stefano both Kars and Batoum were ceded to the Russians, and so would Erzeroum also, for Russia did not relinquish an inch of ground which she had conquered in Asia, but the garrison of that place held out until the war. As it is, however, the Turkish quadrilateral is broken, and with the capture of Erzeroum, which will follow the next Russo-Turkish war, the entire country to Constantinople will be open before the Russian columns; thus that great city could be attacked in front and rear and would fall an easy prey to the Czar. This would mean the end of that vilest of all the powers (after England), and Turkey in Asia, including 16,000,000 inhabitants, of whom about 10,000,000 are Christians, would in all probability be annexed to Russia.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

"AMERICA."

[*To the Editor.*]

The death of the Rev. Samuel F. Smith renders opportune a new discussion of his "America." This composition has of late years come into prominence, although written in February, 1832. The first parties to take kindly to it were certain secret societies that originated in England. It was not a favorite during the civil war. But it was at once popularized when Mr. Cleveland was elected. This election was expected to secure free trade and be beneficial to England. All the Anglo-American clubs and societies voted for him, and thousands of Englishmen took out naturalization papers expressly to aid his election. Through these and the Mugwumps an anglomaniac epidemic set in in the Eastern States; and this work of Dr. Smith has been seized on with avidity by all of England's friends. The Orangemen, Canadians, and A. P. As have done their best lo bring it into favor.

Irish-Americans do not like to have "God Save the Queen" crammed down their throats by the simple process of labeling it "America." Dr. Smith made the astounding assertion that he had never heard "God Save the King" up to the time when he was 24 years old, although a professed musician and living in Boston, and educated at Harvard! He also stated that the words were written in half an hour, and one can well believe this, for there is nothing whatever of poetry in them, and they only appeal to our feelings by the fact that they are addressed, in a laudatory way, to our country. If America cannot do better than select a second-hand tune for her national anthem she had better never have made the Declaration of Independence.

What is objectionable is that these commonplace verses should be exalted into a "national" song. It is easy to see that persons behind the scenes push this composition into this prominence with an insidious and un-American purpose. We have a far grander and more appropriate national air in the "Star Spangled Banner." We profane the name "America" when we attach it to King George of England's anthem. And those of us who have shaken off British allegiance, and the British flag, are equally determined that no covert Orange propaganda shall ding the British national anthem into our ears on all public occasions. Now that its author is interred, it is time for "America" to be buried too. W.

THE HILLS OF CONNEMARA.

BY JOHN K. CASEY ("LEO.")

The night-mist thickens o'er the town,
The twilight's paling dimmer,
A-through the chill, hum-laden air
The gaslight's faintly glimmer.
In exile here I sit and think,
My heart surcharged with sorrow,
Of home and friends that watch for me
On the hills of Connemara—
Those glorious hills! those kindly hills!
The hills of Connemara.

The night-mist thickens o'er the town,
But heavier mists are falling
On the Irish breast, bereft of love,
For peace and rest long calling.
Alone! alone! where millions throng,
As if my brain to harrow,
With the golden dreams of thundering streams
On the hills of Connemara—
The loving hills, the wild-eyed hills,
The hills of Connemara.

On Corrib's cheeks the moonlight sleeps,
The corrach skims full lightly;
O'er Clifden's slopes our mountain girls
Now wander singing blithely;
And I must bear this strife and din,
While memory strives to borrow
One look of love, one sparkling glance
Of the hills of Connemara!
O soft-faced hills! O brown-tipped hills—
Brave hills of Connemara.

God's dearest blessing dwell with them!
God bless the race they foster,
If Ireland's sons were all as true,
We never would have lost her,
God prosper all my burning hopes—
The hopes to crown tomorrow,
When the streams will sing my welcoming
To the hills of Connemara—
My native hills, my childhood's hills'
The hills of Connemara.

CHICAGO experienced what is believed to have been another earthquake Friday morning, Dec. 27, at 4 o'clock. There were two distinct shocks, which seem to have been most severely felt in the suburbs of the city.

A Great Chance to Make Money.

Mr. Editor: I read how Mr. Jones made $15 a week. I have a better job taking orders for the new specialties and fancy articles in aluminum, rein hooks and rings for harness, sign letters and figures for houses, stores and vehicles. They are simply elegant, shine at night; aluminum is a great talker. I sell for the World Mfg. Co., Columbus, O.; they make family fire-proof cases, electric goods and many good sellers for agents. I made $27 first week, $39 second, first month $172. Goods are catchy; good, honest firm, light, easy work, anyone can get a job by writing them. J. EVANS.

Something Interetsing to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

THE "BULLY BRITON."

That is What a Venerable, but Forceful, Correspondent, a Scion of the Ancient O'Reilly's of Breffni, Designates the Englishman.

Why Ireland Should Hate Her Oppressor With Every Fiber of Her Being—Revelations of an Ancient Manuscript.

CŒUR D'ALENE, Idaho, Nov. 27.—For more than seven hundred years we have been wrestling with the bully Briton to throw off his yoke. During that time many a brave Irishman fell in the struggle. Although we have failed to down the big bully we have at least given him a great deal of trouble, hence he harbors very unkind feelings towards us. During that long interval many great Irishmen arose and battled for the freedom of their country. It remains now for those of the present age to keep up the fight, and if victory is not inscribed on their banners it will at least be some satisfaction to make life uncomfortable for Mr. Bull.

It is said that the world knows England's injustice to Ireland. Very few outside of the Irish race know it, for England's agents have given to the world a wrong version of the matter; hence so many condone England's great crime of injustice against humanity. Nevertheless, we, of the Irish race, know it. We saw it. We felt it. It has been orally transmitted to us from generation to generation. So that it is as clear to us as daylight that England, with all her boasted civilization and philanthropy, is the most brutal, savage and perfidious government that ever cursed God's earth by its footprints. We know it. Let those who will gainsay it. The Irish had and still have a superabundance of grievances to justify them in utilizing anything and everything to shake off the yoke of the savage oppressor. And for all those acts of savagery we will hold John Bull accountable till the day of doom.

If it cost $75,000 for wounding the feelings of one Englishman in Nacaragua, how much should John Bull pay for murdering in cold blood, by means of the scaffold, the stake, engines of torture, eviction and starvation, a couple of millions of Irishmen who were the peers, if not better, than the bully Briton? Together with that, for defaming the Irish character, by means of emissaries, poisonous literature and scurrilous caricatures sent after them to all parts of the world? Will some Irishman who is expert at figures work out the answer, as I presume Mr. Bull in due time will be obliged to submit this matter to arbitration? In the meantime it would be well to make a rough estimate of the value of all the Irish estates and homesteads confiscated by the covetous old man; and all the splendid castles and churches he levelled, in his anger, to the ground. Make a list, if possible, of the widows and orphans he has made in Ireland, and of all the human creatures he made homeless there and sent adrift to die by the roadside or seek an ayslum in foreign lands. All those items will be useful on the day of reckoning, and that day will come as sure as the sun shines, notwithstanding the croaking of squaw men, who sometimes parade themselves as Irishmen.

I have an old manuscript in Irish and English written by my father, over one hundred years ago. It is an account of a battle fought by the English and Irish in Cavan. It is also a genealogy of the O'Reilly family of East Breffney. The paper is crumbling away, but I can glean enough from it to show the real character of the bully Briton. Talk if you please about Indian savagery and the scalping knife: There is nothing in the annals of Indian savagery half so ghastly or sickening as the cruelties of the English soldiery as portrayed in this old manuscript. It is more than flesh and blood can endure to ponder over those bloody scenes of English savagery. A British captain took forcible possession of the O'Reilly estates, and his descendants have possession of them today. This case illustrates the many cases of the kind wherein the British robbed the Irish of their homes; hence we anxiously look for the day of restitution. One of that family, the O'Reillys of Baltrasna, went to foreign countries and became a great general in the armies of Spain, France and Austria. I dare say Count Alexander O'Reilly, if he had an opportunity in his day, would gladly measure swords with the perfidious Briton who despoiled him of his ancestoral homestead.

Every generation or age since the British invasion of Ireland was inaugurated a movement to shake off the British yoke. My father was a prominent actor in the movement of 1798. He was in command of the revolutionists in the county of Cavan. Bonaparte was the idol of his day. The popular songs of the day were in praise of "Bony." In my day the movement of 1848 was inaugurated, and also the Fenian movement. When John Mitchel was transported, a ballad singer and a fiddler at a fair awoke patriotism in my young heart, by singing a song entitled "Mitchel's Farewell." The peelers arrested the minstrels and confiscated the ballads. From that day to this, from my heart I have cursed the British government and its hirelings. In after years, I was one of the many who congratulated Mitchel on his arrival in New York.

The question now is this, What will be the result of the movement of this generation—the Irish National Alliance? I have great hopes that it will excel its predecessors. From the experience of past mistakes, I feel assured that the Irishmen and their sons of today will guide the helm so as to avoid the breakers that shattered former movements. I do not say they were failures, for, if nothing more, they keat the spirit of Irish nationality alive.

It is said that the Catholic clergy are not in favor of a physical force movement. We do not expect or desire them to be in favor of it. That is not their province. Their province is to exercise the duties of priests of the Christian religion. Ever and always during my recollection the majority of Irish priests, in their clerical capacity, advised their countrymen to not throw themselves rashly into the lion's den. Outside of their clerical position they have pulsations similar to those of other Irishmen. I had an uncle, a pious priest, Rev. Charles O'Reilly, who is now moldering in silent dust beside St. Paul's church in Blackstone, Mass., he often addressed me thus: "I would like to see you a soldier in the service of France or Spain, for the reason that if Ireland in your day should make an effort to achieve her freedom you might be able to give her a helping hand." This was the advice of as pure an Irishman as ever lived. May the earth be lightly on his grave.

War in any of its forms is a terrible thing, but you do not need to meet England on a green hillside in Ireland to fight her. You can fight England in another way on this side of the ocean. You have it in your power, if you perfect your organization, to cripple John Bull so that he will be unable to walk on any part of this continent. You are a power in this country, and it is a fortunate thing for this republic that you became thoroughly organized and lead in urging the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine. Afterwards present to the humbled Briton Ireland's claim for independence and for damages besides. This should be the leading feature of your organization.

I had pleasing day dreams during my lifetime of seeing Ireland a nation and Emmet's epitaph inscribed, but I may not see it as my career will soon be ended. More than sixty-five winters have whitened my hair, and the somber shades of the evening of life are around me. I have often prayed for the destruction of the British empire, and fervently asked the Lord to destroy it in my day so that I might rejoice in its destruction. My prayer in that respect may be somewhat profane. Yet, after all, with solemn devotion, I pray that the souls of Washington, Lincoln, Emmet, Lord Edward and those of all great men who suffered or died in defense of oppressed humanity, may be admitted into a blissful place in heaven among the angels. Erin, this old man bequeaths thee his blessing.

COSMOPOLITAN O'REILLY.

IRISH-AMRICAN LYCEUM.

From the large attendance at the last regular monthly meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum which was held in Unity Hall Building, No. 77 Thirty-first street, it must be admitted that the change from Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets has been satisfactory to a very large majority of its patrons. Every seat in the spacious hall was occupied, and judging by the pronounced success of this—the initial meeting in this part of the South Side—the promoters of the organization have every reason to look forward with most sanguine hopes for a successful career in the future.

On the question being submitted to the meeting as to whether or not the meetings should be held at Unity Hall in the future, it was unanimously decided in the affirmative; and furthermore that meetings take place on the third Friday of each month, commencing at 8 o'clock sharp.

Those present at this meeting had every reason to congratulate themselves on the excellent programme provided for their entertainment. The first number, a piano solo by Miss Birdie Brady, was thoroughly appreciated, as was evidenced by the hearty burst of applause that rang out in call for an encore. Mr. Patrick F. Holden, with much force and ease, read a very interesting selection from Meagher's speeches, entitled "Vindication of Sedition," delivered in Limerick on the 29th of April, 1848. He was followed by Miss Bernadetta O'Hara, who, in her own winning way, kept the audience in continuous laughter while she recited "Too Late for the Train." The fourth number was by Henry G. Hill, in which he recited his old favorite, "Bingen on the Rhine." He was followed by John J. Hanrahan, who sang "A Handful of Earth," and in response to an encore gave his audience "He Stands Between Love and Duty." In the last number of the musical part of the programme Mr. A. Sweeney fairly "brought down the house" by his masterly rendition of the recitation "The Fireman," followed by "Sheridan's Ride" in response to prolonged applause for an encore.

The second part of the programme was opened by the reading of a paper on "Compulsary Education" by Mr. Lawrence Heneky, County President of the A.O.H., which opened up a very wide field for interesting and instructive debate, in which many of the audience took part, the principal speakers being Mr. William Dillon, president of the Lyceum; Mr. P. B. Flanagan, and Mr. P. F. Holden. This concluded the evening's entertainment after which the meeting adjourned to meet again in the same hall on Jan. 17, 1896.

All information regarding the Lyceum may be obtained by applying to the secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 East Superior street, who will also forward tickets of admission free on application to those who may wish to attend meetings.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES LYNCH.

Mr. James Lynch, a much-respected citizen, died at his home, No. 6334 Union avenue, last Monday of dropsy, a disease by which he had been afflicted for some years. He was born in Ireland about fifty-six years ago, and came to America in early youth, settling in this city. He was a trusted employe of Armour & Co. for more than twenty years, and was foreman of one of the most important departments in that great establishment. Ill health compelled him to resign his position, greatly to the regret of his employers. Mr. Lynch leaves a widow, one son, who is studying for the priesthood, and five daughters, one of whom is the wife of ex-Ald. Daniel J. Horan. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning from the family residence to St. Bernard's church and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery, and was one of the most imposing corteges seen in the city for a long time, giving practical testimony of the general esteem in which Mr. Lynch was held.

MR. PATRICK DALTON.

Mr. Patrick Dalton, one of the pioneers of Chicago, who died on Sunday last at his home, No. 900 North Paulina street, was buried on Wednesday at Calvary cemetery. His last illness was of short duration. He took a slight cold, which rapidly developed into pneumonia. He breathed his last at his home surrounded by his family and intimate friends. He leaves three sons and a daughter, his wife having died ten years ago. His sons, Joseph, Philip and James, are all grown to manhood and in business for themselves. His daughter, Mary, has been her father's housekeeper and comfort for the last ten years. High mass was celebrated at the Church of the Annunciation on Wednesday at 9:30 o'clock. Mr. Dalton came to Chicago in 1847 direct from Carlow, Ireland, where he was born in 1818. In his earlier years he was in and out of Chicago a good deal, being a contractor. In that capacity he helped to build sections of the Baltimore & Ohio Road through Virginia. But his best known business interests here were in connection with the North Chicago rolling mills, where he was foreman for twenty-five years. In the old Fourteenth, now the Fifteenth ward, he was always a political power. But his influence came not so much from his active work in politics as from the influence which he held over so many men with whom he came in contact. He was instrumental in founding the church from which he was buried.

FUNERAL OF MR. JOHN BOLAND.

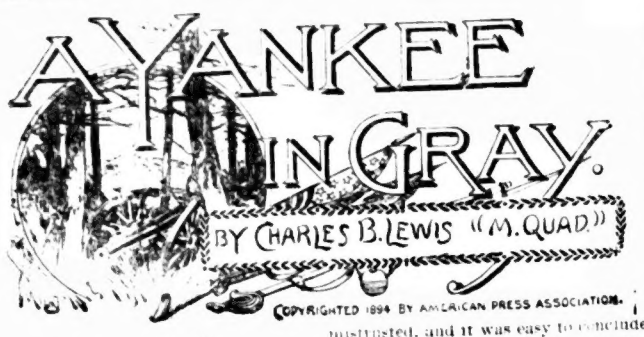
(*Irish Republic, Dec. 22.*)

On Sunday morning the funeral took place of Mr. John Boland, whose death occurred under such sad circumstances, as he was about to pay a visit to his native land. Only on this day week he was landed from an Atlantic liner at Liverpool suffering from typhoid fever, from the attack of which he was unable to recover, and he breathed his last in a Liverpool hospital. The deceased was a brother of the late Mr. James Boland, whose death was so deeply regretted in Dublin, and whose interment took place only a few months ago. The late John Boland was unable after his long journey to set foot on Irish soil, but he was not without Irishmen to stand alongside his deathbed, and when his remains were being brought over to Dublin for interment in Glasnevin, a silent watch was kept over them by such good and unselfish men of the exiled race as Councillor O'Connor, York; Mr. W. McGinness, Preston; and Mr. Harrington, Middlesborough, York. The London & Northwestern boat arrived at the North Wall shortly after the appointed time yesterday morning. The Isles of the Sea Band was present to head the mournful procession, which conveyed the remains to Whitefriars street church, where a special survice was held, presided over by the Very Rev. Father Staples, Prior, and Rev. Father Blanchfield.

The following ladies and gentlemen were at the grave when the last sad offices were being performed: Mrs. James Boland, the Misses Boland (3), Master Boland, relatives of the deceased; Messrs. J. Harrington, Middlesboro; J. D. O'Connor, York; W. M'Guinness, Preston; J. Fitzpatrick, Grangletown Yorks; H. Dobbin and P. Kelly, Belfast; J. A. O'Sullivan, London; P. R. Clery, Limerick; Michael Lambert, vice-president Amnesty Association; J. T. Bermingham, P. Tobin, vice-president G. A. A.; James Butler, W. Maher, Ald. John Reilly, J. Lynch, J. McBride, Waters, W. Briscoe, B. Sheppard, M. Rigby, T. Murphy, Conaghty, J. Smith, J. Cahill, J. Davis, J. Lennon, John O'Leary, Luke Cahill, J. J. Meyers, P. P. Sutton, T. J. Power, J. Kennedy, Stephen Holland, J. Merna, Denis Seery, P. Curley, P. Dalton, J. Corrigan, J. Higgins, J. Stritch.

The coffin was borne from the hearse to the grave by Messrs. Harrington, O'Connor, McGuinness, Dobbin, Lambert, Lynch and Fitzpatrick. When the last spadeful of clay had been thrown on the grave Mr. Tobin, in a few well-chosen words, expressed the great grief which had been occasioned to the many friends of the deceased young Nationalist, and on their behalf tendered their heartfelt sympathy to the sorrow-stricken relatives of Mr. Boland.

For the new Irish National Alliance Lapel Button, write to JOHN BEEGAN, 226 South Halsted street, Chicago.



CHAPTER XV.

We follow Jackson up and down the valley because his movements are threads of our story, and he must be driven away to introduce new characters. Shields had scarcely ceased pursuit when a Federal army under Banks was sent into the valley. No one supposed Jackson had recovered from his defeat when he suddenly moved an army of 12,000 men down to New Market, crossed the Shenandoah river and the mountain range to the east and was in the Luray valley before an alarm was raised. There was a Federal force stationed at Front Royal, and he was moving to attack it.

An army in the march is a monster serpent on the move. Far in advance are cavalry scouts. Then follows a body of troopers. After that comes the advance guard of infantry. Then artillery, more infantry, more artillery, and finally the wagon train. The highway is packed with a living, moving mass for miles and miles. Infantry and cavalry overflow into the adjacent fields on the right and left. Where there is a bend in the road they cut across it. Horses fall lame or sick and are abandoned. Wagons break down and are unloaded and set on fire. Guns and caissons get mixed or upset in the ditches, and a hundred men lend their aid. Sore footed men stagger and limp and finally throw themselves down and declare they can go no farther. Here and there a musket is accidentally discharged, followed by a shriek and a fall, and half an hour later the victim fills a grave by the roadside. The mass advances a quarter of a mile and halts. Another quarter of a mile and another halt. Only in the case of a single regiment is there freedom to step out and march at the rate of three or four miles an hour.

The trail of a marching army, even in a country of friends, is a trail of ruin and desolation. Every soldier is an engine of destruction. He has a feeling that he must desolate and destroy. Trees are felled and fences pulled down to repair the roads, gardens are despoiled, crops are trampled under foot, fruit trees denuded of their branches, stacks and barns fired by accident or design. It is as if a fierce cyclone had passed over the country, followed by a plague.

So Jackson's army swept forward to Front Royal. His command outnumbered the Federal force four to one, and his presence was not suspected until his artillery began to thunder. The Federal commander soon discovered the situation, but he did not retreat without a fight. He gathered his handful of men, posted them to cover the town, and for an hour they held Jackson at bay. It was only when they were almost surrounded that they gave way and sought shelter in the passes of the mountain. Jackson paused only long enough to burn such Federal stores as he could not handily carry away and then swept down the Luray, bent to the left, and next day was before Winchester. He attacked and recaptured the town and drove every Federal to the Potomac and across it before he halted again.

Then the Federal government grasped the situation, and three different armies were dispatched to close in on Jackson and destroy him. The battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic followed, and Jackson fell back to join Lee and take part in the battle which was to sweep McClellan from the peninsula. The Shenandoah and the Luray were now in possession of the Federals, to be held till the close of the war, but only with desperate fighting at intervals.

And now the gallant Custer, with his command, reached the Shenandoah with the army of occupation—a young man, fresh from West Point, on whom the volunteer officers looked with distrust, but only waiting to prove his worth. Custer belonged to Michigan. His first command was the First, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh cavalry regiments of that state, known as the Michigan cavalry brigade. While his fame was national, while his sad death years after the war in that terrible massacre touched the heart of every American, it is in Michigan more than anywhere else that his memory is reverenced. It will live there until every soldier and soldier's son and grandson sleeps beneath the sod. The plains of northern Virginia were given up to fierce battles between infantry, the valleys to desperate charges and bloody conflicts between the opposing cavalry forces.

Jackson had looked his last upon the Shenandoah. He was to become Lee's right arm and fight elsewhere until his fall in the darkness on the bush lined highway at Chancellorsville. Another took his place, and the dead Ashby was replaced by Stuart to lead the cavalry.

Let us go back to Royal Kenton. We left him just as Reube Parker had been made prisoner by a Federal scouting party. Reube basely sought to betray him, but he failed of his purpose. The Federal captain beat up the neighborhood as thoroughly as possible, but Kenton slipped through his fingers and returned to Jackson to make his report. It was his information, seconded no doubt by that of others, which decided Jackson's move to Front Royal. While the general seemed pleased at Kenton's success, the latter could not fail to perceive that something was yet amiss. In his own mind he felt sure that he was mistrusted, and it was easy to conclude why. Not that he had failed in any one particular to do his duty, but that the officers and men of his own company, for reasons already given, were seeking his downfall. When he had finished his report, he was ordered to his company, and again he found only one man to give him greeting. Steve Brayton chuckled with satisfaction as he extended his hand and asked for particulars. The others only gave him looks of distrust. When Kenton was asked regarding Reube Parker and had made his explanations, Steve grew thoughtful and serious and finally replied:

"It's a good joke on the captain, but I'm troubled as to how it will end up. I jest reckon they ar' mean 'nuff to charge yo' with killin Reube. They can't prove it, but it will get the general down on yo' and make things wuss. Dod blast the fules anyway! Why can't they give yo' a fa'r show even if yo' be a Yank?"

The crisis came next day. Reube Parker had been carried into the Federal camps as a prisoner, but owing to the confusion and excitement was not strictly guarded and managed to make his escape and arrive at Confederate headquarters less than 24 hours after Kenton. After a brief interview with Captain Wyle the pair proceeded to General Jackson's headquarters, and when they left it Royal Kenton was sent for. General Jackson was a plain, blunt spoken man. Even while planning the great campaign on which he was to enter within three or four days he had determined to give this matter attention. Reube Parker had charged Kenton with bringing about his capture for revenge. Captain Wyle had stated that he and all his company distrusted his loyalty. The general asked the scout for a statement of facts, and Kenton gave it to him, concealing no occurrence from the date of his enlistment. The general listened attentively and without interruption. Then Reube Parker, who had been sent for and was in waiting, was ushered in to confront Kenton. He was a bad man, but not a nervy one. In five minutes it was apparent that he had lied, and he was dismissed. Then Kenton was asked to step out, and Steve Brayton, whom he had several times referred to, was ushered in. He told a straight story, and it was greatly to the discredit of Captain Wyle. When Kenton again returned to the general's presence, the latter kindly said:

"It is a matter I very much regret, and I do not see how I can mend it just yet. I will, however, do what I think is best for all."

That "best" resulted in both Kenton and Brayton being detailed temporarily to the quartermaster's department. When Jackson moved away for the Luray valley, all the guards were mounted, having been transferred to the cavalry, but the pair were left behind in disgrace. So they considered it, and they were further humiliated by the jeers and flings from comrades as they filed past.

"Dod rot 'em!" growled Steve.

"Dod rot 'em, but this 'ere laughin match hain't over yit!" growled Steve as he shook his fist at the backs of his comrades. "Yo' ar' doin the grinnin jest now, but it'll be our turn bimeby! Befo' this fuss is over with the southern confederacy will be powerful glad of every man it kin rake and scrape into the ranks!"

Kenton had nothing to say. He was even secretly glad that the machinations of his enemies had resulted in nothing worse. In his pocket at that very hour he had a letter from Marian detailing the family flight from Winchester, informing him of their destination and counseling him to do his duty as a soldier and not be disturbed over the plots of his enemies. She knew that he was being maligned and vilified for her sake, so she wrote, but she hoped to be worthy of all the sacrifices he might be compelled to make.

"Say, Kenton," exclaimed Steve as he suddenly turned on him, "why don't yo' rip and cuss and tear an show yo'r feelin's?"

"We have both been wronged," slowly replied Kenton, "but time will make all things right if we do our duty loyally and faithfully."

"I reckon so," said Steve as he turned away, "but yo' Yanks is a durned cur'us lot o' critters jest the same!"

CHAPTER XVI.

While Jackson was pressing on to join Lee most of his cavalry was detached and left in the valley. The Shenandoah guards, which had dropped the title when transferred to the cavalry, were a portion of Imboden's command. The Federals poured into the Shenandoah and Luray from the north and recaptured everything and pressed the Confederates slowly back to Staunton. Neither side was strong enough to possess and hold the valley. The Confederate occupation defended one of the roads to Richmond. The Federal occupation defended one of the roads to Washington. There were scouting and raiding and clashing of sabers, but nothing like a general battle resulted. Both commanders had been instructed to avoid this and watch the mighty movements developing elsewhere.

What is a battle like—a battle in which 10,000 men fall in their tracks to die with the roar of the guns still sounding in their ears and as many more lie there for hours cursing and groaning and praying with the pain of their wounds? McClellan was on both sides of the Chickahominy, with the spires of Richmond in view. His front was miles long and defended by rifle pits, earthworks, felled trees and natural obstructions. More than 100,000 Federals faced Lee along this line. Behind them were camps and wagon trains and field hospitals and supplies cumbering the ground for miles and miles.

McClellan was about to attack. He was even writing his order when Lee fell upon his wing at Mechanicsville. That was a feint. The fight at Meadow Bridge, directly in front of his center, was a piece of strategy. The assault upon his wing at Cold Harbor was meant to annihilate him. The battle ground was made up of swamps, cleared fields, patches of forest, timber covered hills and old fields grown up to bushes and briers. McClellan had two and three lines of earthworks here, and here his guns were planted as thickly as men could work them. Longstreet and Hill attacked here. They knew the strength of the position; they had counted the odds. There was no skirmishing, no waiting. On a front three miles long the Confederates suddenly appeared and rushed forward to the attack. Had they numbered five times as many they would have been beaten back. They were repulsed again and again by the fire which seemed to burn them off the face of the earth, but those who lived came back again more desperate than before. Only their leaders knew why this terrible sacrifice was being offered up to the god of war. Lee had planned with Jackson. Jackson had left the valley by way of Brown's gap to fall upon McClellan's flank at Cold Harbor. The sacrifice in front was to give Jackson time and to mask his movement.

And so Longstreet and Hill advanced again and again to the sacrifice until their dead and wounded outnumbered the living. The afternoon sun was sinking lower and lower. By and by it was only an hour high. Then the roar of battle along the front suddenly ceased. Had the remnants of regiments and brigades become panic stricken at the awful waste of life and fled from the field? Had they sullenly refused to obey orders to advance again? Had Lee given up all hope of success and withdrawn from that front? For five minutes scarcely a musket was discharged. Then from the heavy forest directly on the flank of the position Jackson appeared. The flank of an army is its weak spot. Even if attacked in the rear it can face about and fight with hope of success, but if the flank gives way disaster follows. Jackson's coming was a surprise. His attack was as sudden as the stroke of a bell. It dumfounded and dismayed the Federal flank, but only for a few minutes. McClellan was not far away. He had fathomed Lee's plans and discovered his true object. The flank gave back until it had a front of a mile long, and then it halted and battled to save that great army. What was to be done must be done right there. Re-enforcements were ordered up, guns advanced, and for an hour there was such fighting as war had never witnessed before.

On the Federal flank were swamp and forest and tangled thicket. Engineers had said that the nature of the ground protected this flank. Wading through swamps deep with ooze, bursting through thickets which caught off their caps and left their jackets in rags, advancing their lines amid the thick forests, Jackson's men rushed to the attack. Time and time again the lines were repulsed, but fresh troops poured out of the woods to take the places of the dead and wounded, and the battle grew more vindictive and murderous. There is a key to every battlefield. There is always a key within a key. Cold Harbor was the key of this great field of slaughter. The exposed flank was the key within the key. Jackson could count his dead by the thousand. His entire force was up, and he had charged and stormed and battered in vain.

The coming of night does not always end a battle, but as darkness shuts down the combatants lose their desperation and become more wary of each other. Hunger, thirst and fatigue begin to tell. As the fire of artillery and musketry slackens the cries of the wounded are heard, and those who have escaped unhurt begin to estimate the losses. If Jackson could not break that flank before night shut down, then his sacrifices had been in vain. Then the thousands of dead and wounded belonging to Longstreet and Hill had simply been led to slaughter. An order was sent to General Hood, whose brigade of Texans had been held in reserve for an emergency. Hood placed himself at the head of his 4,000 men and dashed forward. They had to traverse a swamp and then cross an open space on which the dead already lay touching each other. The Texans had only begun their forward movement when every piece of artillery and every musket on that flank was turned upon them. With yells of defiance they rushed forward. The skeletons of men struck down in that swamp were dug out years afterward as burial parties sought for the dead of the war. Wounded men fell into the pools of black water or floundered about in the ooze, but those unhurt used them for stepping stones.

Nothing could check that rush. Grape and canister and bullet killed and wounded 2,000 men, but the other 2,000 swept forward, dashed over the earthworks and were driven like a wedge into the Federal flank. It was the climax. Beaten but not panic stricken, the men in blue fell back step by step, fighting over every foot of the ground, and at length they rested on a new line. McClellan alone knew that he was beaten. He alone realized what would result. That great army, only a portion of which had been driven, must retreat to a new line and a new base of supplies. Jackson's coming from the valley and placing himself on the flank had imperiled the fate of the nation. Like the strategist he was, McClellan assumed much, concealed much. While he brought up fresh troops to hold the victorious enemy at bay he issued orders for retreat.

For weeks and weeks stores had been accumulating in rear of that grand army. There were thousands of beef cattle, train loads of bacon, rice, salt, beans and other eatables. Thousands of spare tents had come forward, thousands of blankets, uniforms, shoes, muskets and other supplies. Boxes of hardtack were piled up 10 feet high for miles and miles. Barrels of flour, covered with tarpaulins, shut out some of

Jackson's men rushed to the attack.

the camps from sight of the highways. Here and there in forest and field were great heaps of forage for the animals, and here and there great heaps of fixed ammunition for cannon or musket. There was the value of millions of dollars lying about, and nearly all must be sacrificed. Withdrawal meant retreat. Retreat meant that Lee and Jackson would assume the aggressive and seek to utterly annihilate the Federal army.

The work of destruction began almost before the cheers of Hood's Texans had died away. Whole regiments were detailed for the work. The cattle could be driven away. A part of the most valuable stores could be hauled off. It is a rule of war to leave nothing behind in retreat to benefit your enemy. He is often left the dead and wounded to embarrass him. The soldiers were ordered to destroy, and they seemingly took delight in obeying. The heaps of flour, meat and clothing were given up to the flames, and as the heavens were lighted by the midnight fires people on the house roofs in Richmond believed the green forests to be fiercely blazing. Never had a general more to sacrifice that he might be stripped for fight; never was the hand of destruction more ruthlessly applied. A night was not sufficient. All next day while those in battle line held the enemy at bay thousands of men were burning and destroying. When the Confederates marched over the ground, they were appalled at the sacrifices made. When the last heap of forage had been given up to the flames, McClellan was ready. His lines were abandoned, and his army was in retreat, but there was no panic. Lee and Jackson were ready to follow. They hoped to find a fleeing mob, but whenever they attacked it was to be beaten back by men as valiant as Napoleon ever saw turn at bay. Mile by mile they retreated, pausing now and then for a fierce grapple in which they could justly claim a victory, and at last the James was reached, and the army had been saved. What of the dead and wounded? Nothing. They figure in the reports of battles only as figures.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Professor Loomis' Good Shot.

The Hon. F. D. Allen possesses a unique souvenir of his college days at Yale of which he is justly proud, and which he treasures very carefully. It is only a plain bit of cardboard with a hole in the center, but it has a history, for it is a memorial of the expert marksmanship of Professor Loomis, the famous mathematician.

One day in the classroom Professor Loomis, in illustrating the principle of the air gun, shot at the card as a target across the room. The old gentleman was a bit proud of his skill and the boys knew it. Were he ever to miss his aim, they would be extremely delighted, and on this occasion they thought they had caught him at last, for the second time he shot at the card it was apparent that no other hole had been made in it. The class had of course assumed that the card had not been hit and laughed mirthfully at the professor. But the latter quietly picked up the little target and called attention to the fact that the original perforation was now enlarged, the second missile having struck the edge of the hole first made.

There was never any doubt after that about Professor Loomis being a crack shot, and Frank Allen esteemed himself lucky in securing the card. That was over 20 years ago, and he has the card yet.—Boston Record.

Solitude relieves us when we are sick of company, and conversation when we are weary of being alone, so that the one cures the other. There is no man so miserable as he that is at a loss to use his time.—Seneca.

No married subject in Austria can procure a passport to go beyond the frontier unless he can produce a written consent from his wife.

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SPECIAL MESSAGE.

The Second of the Kind Since Congress Convened.

FINANCIAL LEGISLATION NEEDED.

Asks Congress to Do Something Before Taking the Holiday Recess — Makes No Further Recommendations Than Were Contained in His Regular Message.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—After two sessions of the cabinet had discussed the financial condition of the country in the present crisis, President Cleveland, late yesterday afternoon, sent to congress the following message:

"In my last annual message the evils of our present financial system were plainly pointed out and the causes and means of the depletion of government gold were explained. It was therein stated that, after all the efforts that had been made by the executive branch of the government to protect our gold reserve by the issuance of bonds, amounting to more than $162,000,000, such reserve then amounted to but little more than $79,000,000; that about $16,000,000 had been withdrawn from such reserve during the month, next previous to the date of that message, and quite large withdrawals for shipment in the immediate future were predicted. The contingency then feared has reached us, and the withdrawals of gold since the communication referred to and others that appear inevitable threaten such depletion of our government gold reserve as brings us face to face with the necessity of further action for its protection.

Signal and Impressive Warning.

"This condition is intensified by the prevalence in certain quarters of sudden and unusual apprehension and timidity in business circles. We are in the midst of another season of perplexity caused by our dangerous and fatuous financial operations. These may be expected to recur with certainty as long as there is no amendment in our financial system. If in this particular instance our predicament is at all influenced by a recent insistence upon the position we should occupy in our relation to certain questions concerning our foreign policy, this furnishes a signal and impressive warning that even the patriotic sentiment of our people is not an adequate substitute for a sound financial policy. Of course there can be no doubt in any thoughtful mind as to the complete solvency of our nation, or can there be any just apprehension that the American people will be satisfied with less than an honest payment of our public obligations in the recognized money of the world.

"The Real and the Sensible Cure."

"We should not overlook the fact, however, that aroused fear is unreasoning and must be taken into account in all efforts to avert public loss and the sacrifice of our people's interests. The real and sensible cure for our recurring troubles can only be effected by a complete change in our financial scheme. Pending that, the executive branch of the government will not relax its efforts nor abandon its determination to use every means within its reach to maintain before the world American credit, nor will there be any hesitation in exhibiting its confidence in the resources of our country and the constant patriotism of people.

Should Do Something Before Recess.

"In view, however, of the peculiar situation now confronting us I have ventured to herein express the earnest hope that the congress in default of the inauguration of a better system of finance will not take a recess from its labor before it has by legislative enactment or declaration done something, not only to remind those apprehensive among our people that the resources of this government and a scrupulous regard for honest dealing, afford a sure guarantee of unquestioned safety and soundness, but to reassure the world that with these factors and the patriotism of our citizens the ability and determination of our nation to meet in any circumstances every obligation it incurs do not admit of question.

"I ask at the hands of the congress such prompt aid as it alone has the power to give to prevent, in a time of fear and apprehension, any sacrifice of the people's interests and the public funds, or the impairment of our public credit in an effort by executive action to relieve the dangers of the present contingency.

"GROVER CLEVELAND."

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND SAYS WAR.

Unless John Bull Comes to Uncle Sam's Way of Thinking.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 18.—President Cleveland's message to congress on the Venezuelan question was brief and was accompanied by the correspondence, including Salisbury's reply. The president says this country must maintain the Monroe doctrine regardless of consequences, and he interprets that doctrine as involved in the Venezuelan affair. His message in brief is to the effect that Salisbury's reply is not satisfactory and his views of the case are entirely inadmissible.

He urges that the position of the United States be maintained regardless of consequences, and his meaning is that unless England agrees to our view of the matter she must fight. With the message was the long-talked-of note of Secretary Olney, which simply tells England that the United States looks upon Great Britain's position in the matter as out of the question, and practically demands that she arbitrate the whole question.

Lord Salisbury's reply is almost a positive and absolute refusal to accede to the demand. He says the application of the Monroe doctrine—the history of which he gives—to the question is an amplification never dreamed of by Monroe. He gives the history of British claims on the Venezuelan boundary, claiming that England holds from the Dutch and that the Schomberg line is within the original Dutch line.

The Caisson Explosion at Chicago.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Senator Cullom will introduce in the senate a bill making appropriations estimated at between $25,000 and $30,000 for damages to persons and property incurred by the caisson explosion in Chicago on July 16, 1894.

Dr. Hearne Declared Not Guilty.

BOWLING GREEN, Mo., Dec. 23.—The jury in the case of Dr. Hearne, charged with the murder seven years ago of Amos J. Stillwell, a wealthy packer of Hannibal, Mo., rendered a verdict finding the defendant not guilty.

URE.

Synopsis of Proceedings in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—Hill presented a bill in the senate repealing the law making ex-Confederates ineligible to serve in the United States army or navy. Its purpose was plain in view of the Venezuelan dispute. Chandler offered a bill to strengthen the military armament, appropriating $100,000,000. Davis presented a resolution inquiring into the doings of the British on the Alaskan frontier and Gallinger one authorizing the purchase of a counterpoise battery. An executive session was held.

In the house a bill was introduced and passed unanimously appropriating $100,000 for the proposed Venezuelan commission. This was about all the business done, and adjournment was taken to Friday. It was decided to adjourn that day for the holidays, to reconvene Jan. 3.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 19.—Grout of Vermont introduced a bill for the appropriation of $100,000,000 for the defense of the seaboard and Canadian frontier. The bill proposes to raise the funds by thirty-year 2 per cent. coin bonds to be sold at the sub-treasuries and postoffices.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—The senate devoted the whole session to the bill to appropriate $100,000 for a commission to examine the Venezuelan boundary dispute. Allen of Nebraska objected to its second reading and it went over. The house resolution for a holiday recess was laid on the table. Allen wanted immediate consideration of a resolution reciting that in view of the danger of war the finance committee be instructed to consider the free coinage of silver. The president transmitted a message with a report of Secretary Olney on the Armenian troubles. No Americans had been killed and only a comparatively small amount of property destroyed.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21.—The senate spent almost an hour in executive session waiting upon the message from the president, the reading of which was the last proceeding before adjournment. The message was a plea for financial action on the lines suggested in the annual message. The Venezuela commission bill was passed unanimously as it came from the house. The house adjournment holiday resolution was also amended and passed so as to provide for adjourning from today until Monday, Jan. 6. This proceeding was accompained by an explanation from the Democratic side of the chamber that it would be impossible for them to complete their committee assignments even if the senate should remain in session until Tuesday next. The resolution instructing the finance committee to consider free silver coinage was adopted.

The session of the house was purely a perfunctory affair, and after waiting an hour and a half for the senate to act on the adjournment resolution adjournment was taken to today.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—The only response to the president's financial message in the senate was two radical silver resolutions—one by Vest directing the secretary of the treasury to coin the silver bullion and redeem and cancel the treasury notes issued to purchase that bullion with the standard dollars so coined and also to redeem the greenbacks in silver dollars as well as gold—whichever is most convienent. The other was by Butler of North Carolina (Pop.) to pay all government obligations in silver except when silver and gold are at a parity of 16 to 1. Platt objected to both. Stewart made a speech advocating the announcement that United States obligations would be paid in silver, to stop "raids on the treasury." Dubois attacked the message and said the president must know that his recommendations would not be accepted and that the senate would as soon as it got a chance adopt Vest's resolution. Adjourned to Tuesday.

The house responded to the president's message by pigeon-holing the resolution for a holiday recess and preparing to go to work to provide some means for the relief of the treasury. The speaker announced the committees and the message was referred to the ways and means committee. The house then adjourned.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24.—The session of the house was slimly attended. Dingley announced that on Thursday the ways and means committee would present the legislation it considered necessary to meet the request in the president's message on finance. Bills were introduced: To re-enact the McKinley duties on wool; to pay bounties on agricultural exports; providing that no gold or paper currency of less denomination than $10 be issued. Adjourned for the day.

SITUATION ON WALL STREET.

Day of Excitement That Looked Like a Panic for a Time.

NEW YORK, Dec. 21.—Yesterday was a day of excitement on Wall street, and matters for a time bore the resemblance of a panic. But the condition of affairs had not been unexpected and in a measure the dealers had prepared themselves. Before the opening of business on the stock exchange it was announced that $3,400,000 in gold would be sent out of the country, and later in the day the export of $60,000 was announced. This together with the cable advices from London announcing extensive sale of American securities, and the tenor of the war news from all quarters was responsible for the general feeling of uneasiness that prevailed even early in the day.

The spirit of the market was to sell, and in the big exchanges this was done to an extent rarely before surpassed. In the Stock Exchange the sales for the day were 775,761 shares. As a result of the decline in stocks the failure of the following firms was announced on the Stock Exchange during the day: Nichols, Frothingham & Co, Samuel S. Sands & Co., De Neufville & Co., L. A. Feldman, and B Fenton. With the fall in prices the banks called in all their loans, thus adding to the complications of the situation In many instances renewals could be made under no conditions whatever.

HOUSE COMMITTEES.

They Are Announced by Speaker Reed—The Chairmanships.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Speaker Reed Saturday announced the house committees. The chairmen of the most important committees are as follows: Foreign affairs, Hitt of Illinois; ways and means, Dingley of Maine; appropriations, Cannon of Illinois; banking and currency, Walker of Massachusetts; coinage, weights and measures, C. W. Stone of Pennsylvania; rivers and harbors, Hooker of New York; railways and canals, Chickering of New York; immigration and naturalization, Bartholdt of Missouri; Indian affairs, Sherman of New York; public buildings and grounds, Milliken of Maine.

DEATH IN THE PIT.

Forty-Three Men Die in a Coal Mine in North Carolina.

RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 20.—Shortly afte the day force, numbering sixty-seven men, had gone on duty at the Cumnock coal mines, six miles west of here, a terrible fire-damp explosion occurred. Upon hearing the report the people of the village and relatives of the entombed miners hastened to the scene, but for some time they were unable to gain any tidings from below. After pumping fresh air into the shafts several miners were prevailed upon to venture down and investigate.

They found and brought out twenty-five men from shafts Nos. 2 and 3. Five or six of them were badly wounded and some of them will probably die; others were slightly wounded. A mule and two men were killed in slope No. 2. After considerable delay the searching party entered slope No. 1, where they were greeted by a most horrible and ghastly sight. Dead men fearfully mutilated were found. Some of them were partly covered up with pieces of coal, timber, and other debris. The searching party came up and reported what they had found. At 4 o'clock ten or twelve miners went down to bring up the dead bodies, but at last accounts none of the dead had been recovered. It is believed that forty-three men were killed.

Following is a list of the known dead: Council Poe, W. Tyson, J. O'Brien, A. T. Andrews, G. Morrison, M. Bentley, H. Morrison, Daniel Morrison, Charles Poe, J. Gunter, —— Guinn, J. Shamberger, William Swaits, Will McDonald, Lucien Holland, Charles S. Tarkey and John Schmidt. All the above are white. The following are colored: L. Chankle, L. White, A. White, J. Reeves, W. Jenkins, William Baldwin, Fisher Reeves, Walter Holten, Clay Harris, Jack McGree, Jesse Lambet, Gus Lambert, John Norwood and John Thompson.

Another Frightful Disaster.

NASHVILLE, Dec. 21.—A special to The American from Chattanooga, Tenn., says: Twenty-four miners lost their lives yesterday in the Nelson mine, entry No. 10, near Dayton, Tenn., by an explosion of fire-damp. The explosion was succeeded by a terrific crash which indicated that the roof had fallen in. No avenue of escape was left and there is no possibility that any of the men will be found alive. The mine is the property of the Dayton Coal and Iron company, three miles from the town of Dayton, and reached by a spur track. The men, both white and colored, including several boys, entered the mine at 7 o'clock in the morning, but nothing of the awful catastrophe was known until 11 o'clock, when the drivers at entry No. 10 found their way blocked by a solid wall of coal and slate.

HAYWARD'S CONFESSION.

In It He Confesses to Four Different Murders.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 20.—The ante-mortem statement of Harry T. Hayward, which The Times prints this morning, is in many respects a most remarkable document. It was made under the most formal conditions and with solemn assertions on the murderer's part that he was telling the truth. Not only does he claim to have murdered during his brief career no less than five different persons, but in describing the various tragedies in which he figured he shows an utter absence of human feeling and a pleasure in his achievements that mark him as an unusual type of criminal. The language used in describing his criminal adventures is in the same careless, flippant style that characterized his testimony on the stand. His first murder was that of Carrie Hass, near Pasadena, Cal. She had $700 which he got. He also murdered a Chinaman in New York, and a Mexican at El Paso. He describes his plans for killing Catherine Ging at great length.

Forefathers' Day Sentiments.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23. — Forefathers' Day was celebrated Saturday in many parts of the country. At all points the speeches breathed determination to uphold the the Monroe doctrine.

All the South American countries have indorsed the president's message except Chili.

C. I. Smith, of Lincoln county, Wash., has offered the government 5,000 cavalry horses free if war results.

T. M. Curtin, of New York, the founder of the Blaine knights and the head of that secret organization, says he is ready to lead an army of 100,000 men to the front in case of war with England.

Populist Moses Turns Up.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 23.—Colonel C. A. Lincoln, a cousin of Abraham Lincoln, is the Populist Moses just now who is electrifying audiences in southeastern Kansas. Until recently he was a poor farmer in Cowley county. Last week he espoused the Populist faith and Friday announced 100 meetings in schoolhouses in Bourbon county. He assumes the commonplace characteristics of "Old Abe," and drives a little bay mare, which he says he has driven three times across the continent, making a total of 35,000 miles.

Four Persons Drowned While Skating.

DENVER, Dec. 23.—While skating on Lathrop lake, seven miles west of Denver, Charley Jones, aged 8, fell through an air-hole in the ice. His brother Robert and sister Maggie, aged 21 and 20 respectively, and Ida Ball, aged 16, attempted to rescue him and all four of them were drowned.

THE DEATH RECORD.

GENERAL MOSES B. WALKER the hero of Chickamauga, at Kenton, O.

JOHN R. JONES, war veteran and prominent business man, at Chicago

DANIEL COLLINS, well-known citizen of Clinton, Ills.

CHARLES B. ATWOOD, designer in chief of the World's fair, at Chicago.

FRANK B. MARSHALL, veteran of the late war, at Chicago.

A. ST. CLAIR SMITH, well-known politician, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Dr. SAMUEL FLEETSPIER, a widely known writer on medical subjects, at Brooklyn.

General JAMES C. VEATCH, veteran of the late war, at Evansville, Ind.

JOHN GORMLEY, well known Board of Trade man, at Chicago

Captain JOHN W. LUKE, chairman of the Iowa railway commission, at Hampton, Ia.

GEORGE HENRY, prominent business man of Elkhart, Ind.

STATE NEWS NOTES.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings of the Past Few Days Gathered Here and There Throughout the State—Telegraphic Reports of Events That Will Interest Our Readers.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 21.—A committee representing the state boards of health of Iowa, Missouri and Illinois, consisting of Dr J. Scrogg of Keokuk, Ia.; Dr. F. J. Lutz and Dr. Paul Peckham of St. Louis; Dr. B. M. Griffiths and Dr. John W. Scott of the Illinois board, met here Friday for the purpose of arranging a curriculum of stuty for colleges that desire to be in good standing before the boards of health of the three states. It is the desire to have uniformity of study in all colleges desiring to be recognized by the boards

On Chicago Board of Trade.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.—For a time Saturday excitement of the wildest kind reigned on the Chicago Stock Exchange. Never in the history of the institution was there seen a market so acrobatic as that which confronted the brokers during a bad quarter of an hour. In the first thirty minutes of the session prices tumbled with such headlong rapidity that the traders held their breath and waited for the financial fabric to crumble into chaos and ruin. An hour later the reaction came, and it was as violent as the first movement had been. The market suddenly became as strong as it had been weak before. Values jumped upward with long strides. Every one wanted to buy—every one was as eager to purchase as he had been to sell securities. Before the closing time came confidence was well restored.

Injured by an Explosion.

CARLYLE, Ills., Dec. 23.—An explosion occurred in the mine of the Odin Mining company at Odin, sixteen miles east of here, on the Baltimore and Southwestern railway. A large number of workmen are said to have been in the pit when the explosion occurred, and it is a miracle that they escaped. The injured are John Dallas, Andrew Denan, Robert Dallas, John Simpson. Several more whose names are not obtainable were slightly burned. The unfortunate men were all old miners.

Wanted to Buy Green Goods.

CAIRO, Ills., Dec. 21.—In response to circulars Thomas R. Palmer, a wealthy farmer of Humphrey, Tenn., came here to get $1,200 worth of green goods for $650 good money. When he produced his roll of bills the lamps in the room were suddenly extinguished and the money was jerked from him He got out of the house instantly, fearing he would be murdered, and made his way to police headquarters, where he reported his loss. The green goods men escaped arrest.

Burglars in a Fur Store.

ROCKFORD, Ills., Dec. 23.—The most daring local burglary in years was perpetrated at an early hour Sunday morning. The fur store of Max Freytag in State street, in the center of the business section, was entered and $2,000 worth of sealskin, otter, marten and other cloaks and capes taken. A small amount of cash is also missing. Footprints denote a woman in the case, but the police otherwise have no clew.

Pardoned by Governor Altgeld.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Dec. 19.—Governor Altgeld has pardoned Isaac Flick from Pontiac reformatory, where he was sent in October by the circuit court for three years for larceny. Flick pleaded guilty and was released with a reprimand, but the clerk failed to make the proper record and the case came up again before another judge. The governor says the boy should never have been sentenced.

Business Failures at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23—McEvoy Bros., dry goods dealers on Twenty-second street, near Wabash avenue, assigned to Carlos S. Hardin Monday. Their assets are $30,000 and liabilities $6,500. Inability to secure ready money was the cause. The Dubuque Building company, 58 Wabash avenue, assigned to John S. Brown. No statement of assets or liabilities was made.

Want to Travel Free.

PEORIA, Ills., Dec. 23 —A mysterious secret meeting of the city council was held Friday evening. Saturday morning it was developed that the aldermen instructed the mayor and clerk to demand for each of them annual passes from all the railroads entering Peoria.

State Notes.

The Princeton, Ills., poultry show opened with over six hundred entries and representation from five states.

William Black of Fairfield, Ills., who shot his mother, was adjudged insane. He appealed from the decision and has employed counsel to contest it.

Commander-in-Chief Walker, of the G. A. R., has appointed J. I. Bennett assistant adjutant general for Illinois.

Governor Altgeld has restored the rights of citizenship to William H. Schureman of Peoria, who served one year at Joliet prison for embezzlement, and to James E. Gamble of Villa Ridge, who served one year at Chester for embezzlement.

C. H. Spring, dealer in farming implements at Grayville, Ills., made an assignment. Liabilities, $3,000; assets unknown

Only one barber at Monmouth, Ills., violated the Sunday law, but he secured no patrons and closed his shop in disgust.

Burned by an Explosion of Gas.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 23.—By an explosion of gas at Shoenberger's rolling mill on Fourteenth street, at 4 o'clock Monday morning, eight men were burned, one of them fatally. The names of the injured were: Phillip Bowman, colored, will die; Fred Lear, Michael Kelly, William Mooney, Anthony McNally, Joseph Rodman, David Scott, unknown man. The men were working at the bottom of a blast furnace. When the gas exploded it forced the hot slag, which accumulates in the cupola, over the sides. Before the men could get out of the way, the hot metal poured out over them Bowman was badly burned all over the body and the rest sustained severe injuries about the face and hands

To Fill Vacancies.

WASHINGTON, Dec 23 —The Democratic steering committee of the senate has decided to assign Senators Waltham of Mississippi to the Democratic vacancy on the finance committee and Daniels of Virginia to the vacancy on the judiciary committee.

STREET CAR STRIKE ENDED.

Mobs So Turbulent That the Police Have to Use Their Revolvers.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24.—The great trolley strike is ended. This is final. John Wanamaker is the man who brought about the settlement, succeeding where all others failed. He was aided in the work by members of the Christian League. The basis of settlement follows:

First—While the Union Traction company will only treat with the workmen in its employ, it will allow them membership in any lawful organization; second, it will take up all grievances and give them full and fair consideration; third, it will, so far as it has vacant places, immediately put on the old men, and as fast as vacancies arise will give preference to the old men yet unemployed, and endeavor to arrange the trips of the cars to favor the old men as far as possible without violating its contracts with the new men. The questions of compensation and hours are left for future determination.

Yesterday was certainly the most violent since the struggle began, and for the first time the police shot to kill. About 10 o'clock in the morning a tremendous crowd gathered at Eighteenth and Girard avenue, and as the cars passed, each with several police aboard, the stones began to fly. A dozen or more cars had been completely wrecked when the policemen opened fire. They first fired into the air, but as the situation became more threatening one of them fired his revolver into the crowd. William H. Matthews, a striking motorman, fell with a bullet in his head, and Samuel G. Crossley, a striking conductor, was shot in the knee

Both are in a serious condition at a hospital. James Hartnett was shot in the arm and slightly injured. A number of arrests were made. Other riots of more or less violence occurred in almost every section of the city. In one of these H. F. Graham, of 1586 Broadway, Brooklyn, who admitted that he was an organizer for the Knights of Labor, was arrested. He came here to work on a car, but soon became a sympathizer and had been very boisterous in egging mobs on to violence. Before final settlement was effected counsel for the strikers had filed an application in court asking for the appointment of a board of arbitration under the act of 1893. This will probably be withdrawn.

TERRIBLE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION.

Two Men Instantly Killed, Five Fatally and Two Severely Injured.

CHICAGO, Dec. 24.—A frightful dynamite explosion occurred yesterday afternoon on Section Fourteen of the Drainage canal, about a mile from the small town of Romeoville. Two men were instantly killed and five fatally, and two severely injured. The dead are: James McKnight and Daniel McAllister. The fatally injured: George McFitrick and John McFitrick, brothers; Barney O'Rourke, Louis Kearney and John Michue. Seriously hurt: Michael Harrison and High O'Rourke. The mangled remains of the men killed were remove to Lockport, and the injured victims taken to St. Joseph's hospital, Joliet.

The men were preparing a blast with dynamite cartridges, one man holding the drill while another tapped it gently, forcing the dynamite down into the hole prepared by the drill. The blast was almost ready for firing when a blow too hard or a blow too many was given and the two men who were preparing the blast and seven others who were working close by went up into the air. The two men killed were literally torn to pieces and the others shockingly mangled.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.

Money has ranged between 6@25 per cent. on actual transactions, but at one time was 35 per cent., with no business. The rate at noon was 20 per cent. At 12:05 p. m. a loan of $200,000 was made at 20 per cent. Loans have been made on dividend paying stocks at 6 per cent. At 12:19 a loan of 2½ per cent. was made. Prime mercantile paper 4½@5½ per cent.; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 488@488½ for demand, and 487¾@488¼ for sixty days; posted rates, 488½@489 and 490@490½; commercial bills, 486¾.

Bar silver, 66⅛. Mexican dollars, 52¼.

United States government bonds irregular, but in the main firm; new 4's reg., 119; do. coupons, 119; 5's reg., 113½; coupons, 113½; 4's reg., 110; coupons, 111; 2's reg. 96; Pacific 6's of '96, 99.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.

The following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—December, opened 55½c, closed 54⅞c; January, opened 55¼c, closed 55c; May, opened 58c, closed 58⅛c. Corn—December, opened 25¾c, closed 25¼c; January, opened 25¾c, closed 25¾c; May, opened 28½c, closed 28c. Oats—December, nominal, closed 16¾c; February, opened 17¼c, closed 17¼c; May, opened 19c, closed 18c. Pork — December, nominal, closed $7.65; January opened $8.47½, closed $8.32½; May, opened $8.85, closed $8.87½. Lard—December nominal, closed $5.20; January, opened $5.25, closed $5.23.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb; extra dairy, 21@22c; packing stock, 11@12c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 20½@20½c per dozen. Dressed Poultry—Spring chickens 6½@7c per lb; old hens 6@6½c; roosters, 4½@5c; turkeys, 8@11c; ducks, 10@11c; geese, 6@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 19@22c per bu. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois $3.00@4.00 per bbl. Apples—Fair to choice, $1.25@3.50 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1 lb sections, fancy, 12½@13c per lb; broken comb, 10@11c, extracted, 5@6c. Cranberries—Cape Cod, $2.50@2.85 per box.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Dec. 23.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock Yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 37,000; sales ranged at $3.40@3.45 pigs $3.30@3.45 light, $3.25@3.30 rough packing, $3.30@3.50 mixed, and $3.35@3.47½ heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 11,500; quotations ranged at $4.85@5.20 Christmas beeves, $4.50@4.80 choice to extra shipping steers $3.90@4.35 good to choice do., $3.40@4.00 fair to good, $3.15@3.40 common to medium do., $2.90@3.35 butchers' steers, $2.30@3.00 stockers, $2.50@3.50 feeders, $1.50@3.40 cows, $2.50@3.65 heifers, $1.75@3.15 bulls, $2.60@3.50 Texas steers, and $3.00@6.00 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 9,000, sales ranged at $2.00@4.35 westerns, $1.75@2.75 Texas, $1.60@4.90 native, and $3.60@4.55 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 23.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 53c, No. 1 northern, 56c; May, 58c. Corn—No. 3, 26c. Oats—No. 2 white, 18½c; No. 3 do., 17¾@18c. Barley—No. 2, 32c, samples, 27@30c. Rye—No. 1, 35¼c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 23.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash, 62¾c; No. 2 hard, 58½c; December, 53¾c, May, 58⅝@58¾c. Corn—Cash, 24c; December, 24¼c; January, 24c; May, 23½c. Oats—Cash, 16½c; December 16¾c; May, 19½c. Rye—Dull, 30c bid.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, Dec. 23.

Wheat—Cash white, 65½c; cash red 64½c; December, 64½c; May, 66c bid.

HISTORY OF A WEEK

Wednesday, Dec. 18.

Alvah W. Ketcham and Daniel P. Eberman, the two Chicago men alleged to have been confederates of Harry Leon in defrauding New York jewelers, were discharged by Judge Showalter on preliminary hearing.

Obituary: At Milwaukee, John Mitchell, 86. At Rockford, Ills., Thomas W. Mannix, 75. At Rensselaer, Ind., Wesley A. Miller. At Martinsburg, W. Va., ex-Congressman B. M. Kitchen, 83. At Burlington, Ia., Horton Bailey. At Warren, Ills., Lemmon P. Rawlins, 61 At St. Louis, Captain George Weber, 54.

John P. King, was crushed between the drawheads of an Alton freight train at Chicago He attempted to cross between the cars, when they were pushed together. His condition is critical.

Among the incorporators of the company that is to lay a cable from the Pacific coast to the Hawaiian islands is ex-Mayor Hewitt, of New York.

Noah Caney and George St. Clair escaped from the penitentiary at Michigan City, Ind., by scaling the walls. They were captured in a disreputable house near that city

Thursday, Dec. 19.

Jean A. Wierzbienec, an architect of Chicago, was assaulted by thieves, who knocked him down and secured $250 in cash, a diamond pin worth $150 and some valuable papers.

The cider makers of the northwest are holding a convention at Chicago, with delegates present from Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Michigan, Indiana and Illinois.

A princess, a countess, a duchess, and the daughter of a reigning prince were among the 4,000 thieves, professional and unprofessional, arrested in Paris during the first six months of the present year.

Felice Delong was stabbed to death at Wilkesbarre, Pa., by Giovanni Destachio in a fight for a girl with whom they were in love.

The main steampipe in the engine room of the Atlantic liner St. Paul burst while the vessel lay in her dock at New York and killed James Fowns, —— Manning, Robert Campbell, George Wilson and Daniel McCullom, all engine room experts. Five others were severely wounded.

Judge Cartwright, Republican, has been elected to the vacancy on the Illinois supreme bench from the Sixth judicial district to succeed the late Judge Bailey.

Friday, Dec. 20.

The Bennett National bank of New Whatcom, Wash., which was forced by a sudden run to suspend Nov. 5, with aggregate liabilities of $81,000, has reopened for business.

Congressman Woodman, of Chicago, has introduced a bill prohibiting the adulteration of beer and ale and providing fine and imprisonment for violation of its provisions.

George D. Burton, manager of the Burton Stock Car company, has filed a petition in insolvency at Boston. His liabilities are $117,000.

Lloyd Montgomery, the 18-year-old boy who murdered his father and mother and Daniel McKeercher near Brownsville, Ore., has been found guilty of murder in the first degree.

A physician, thought to have been J. E. Johnston, committed suicide in a hotel at Hammond, Ind. He had a ticket for a watch and chain pawned in Chicago Dec. 16. He was about 32 years old.

Saturday, Dec. 21.

Frank Deming, a traveling salesman for John Alling & Co., hardware dealers at 63 Lake street, Chicago, committed suicide in the Dodge hotel at Moulton, Ia. by shooting himself in the head.

Leopold Stein, a wealthy jeweler, while traveling in Guatemala, was robbed of a large quantity of jewels. Their value is estimated at $120,000.

Advices from Hayti say that Hippolyte's anxiety about the political situation there is increasing, and that he is troubled with insomnia and is restless and irritable.

The Salvadorean government is greatly alarmed about the reports of the movements of Ezeta. It is known that the latter has secured a small steamer, with which it is expected that an effort will be made to land a body of insurgents, equipped with a large supply of ammunition.

The second floor of the Palace Clothing company's store at Minneapolis collapsed, ruined half the store, and killed Gale Walters, a clerk

Rev. Joseph Cook is reported to be at Kobe, Japan broken in mind and body.

Monday Dec. 23.

Three masked burglars visited the house of John Zigler, near Zoar Station, O., shot Zigler in the head and his wife in the abdomen, and then departed without any booty. Zigler will recover, but his wife may die.

The building 302 to 304 Wabash avenue, Chicago, was, with the furniture stock of the National Parlor Furniture company, and other stocks, damaged $72,000 by fire.

Daniel Hart and George Anderson—old man and youth respectively—were killed and three others were fatally wounded in a railway collision in a suburb of Philadelphia.

Andrew Johnson, father, and Jesse, Lena and Dora, his young children, were suffocated to death in a Philadelphia fire, the mother being fatally injured.

Abraham Bernstein and wife, supposed agents of the gang that robbed the Springfield (Ills.) and other postoffices, have been arrested at Denver

Antonet Brello, John Rose and Frank Broke, Italians, were killed at New Rochelle, N. Y., for thawing dynamite.

My Health Broke Down

With troubles peculiar to women, my nervous system was shattered. The physician said there was little hope for me. A neighbor told me of wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla and I decided to try it. When I had taken 3 bottles I could sit up, and now I am perfectly well and strong.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

has done all this for me." MRS. C. F. FADERER, La Platta City, Colorado.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Official Newspaper of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Mr. E. H. Sothern.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Mr. Frederick Warde.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"Robinson Crusoe, Jr."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Whitney Opera Co.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"The White Slave."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. James C. Roach, "Rory of the Hill."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Down in Dixie."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Great Brooklyn Handicap."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE ENGLISH PRESS ABUSING JOHN REDMOND.

The *St. James' Gazette* and the *Graphic*, published in London, call John E. Redmond "a traitor," "a liar" and "a libeler," because of his telegram to the New York *World* declaring Ireland's friendship for America in the event of war with England. The *Gazette* asks what "American politicians" would say if Ireland fought on the side of England? They would say, as we now say, that if the Irish people were capable of such baseness, which we firmly believe they are not, they would deserve to be wiped off the face of the earth for their meanness and ingratitude. If Irishmen, in the English uniform, were to land on these shores to uphold the infamous aggressions of Great Britain, the American Irish would show them no quarter, nor would they deserve any. But such a supposition is amazingly absurd, and could only find birth in the incurable egotism of the English mind. What does the *Gazette* take Irishmen for? Does it suppose their memories are so short as to forget the injuries, the insults and the degradation heaped on them by England within the last fifty years, not to speak of a more remote period? The only Irishmen who would enlist to fight against America are the Orange corner boys of Belfast, and the riff-raff of the hangers-on of the aristocracy. The sons of the latter, as a matter of course, would go into the army as officers—all of them fit for service and not otherwise "taken care of"—but the honest masses of the Irish people would not voluntarily enlist to attack the best friend they have in the world. Such a thing would be too monstrous. Irishmen might be impressed, or drafted, into the British service, as they often were of old, but they would take the first opportunity to desert, as the Irishmen of the Forty-fourth British regiment did at New Orleans in 1815.

It is very funny that the *Graphic* should say that Mr. Redmond's manly and truthful statement, is "a libel on a gallant race" (meaning the Irish race). This is the way with the English always. When the Irish are in their way, as in 1845-51, they are "a surplus population" only fit to be starved or shoveled off the land. When they get into trouble with foreign countries they are "a gallant race," who would go to "the front" to sustain the murderers of their country and smite her friends! What disgusting bosh! We are astonished that even so diluted an Irish "nationalist" as Mr. Justin McCarthy should remain silent while Irish sentiment is being misrepresented by his English editorial "friends." As to Mr. Redmond having driven a final nail in the coffin of Home Rule, as the *Graphic* says, that was done when Mr. McCarthy and his followers, at the bidding of Gladstone and Morley, deserted Parnell.

It may be well in this connection to recall the respective attitudes of England and America toward Ireland during the famine period. Responding to the toast "The Ladies of America," on the occasion of the reception of Capt. Clarke, of the American relief ship Victor, of New York, which brought over a cargo of provisions to the starving victims of the English-made famine, May 1, 1847, Thomas Francis Meagher said, in the Dublin Rotunda:

"Strange scene! Ireland, the beaten and bankrupt, entertains America the victorious and prosperous! * * * One thing is certain—we are sincere on this occasion. There is truth in this compliment. For the first time in her career, Ireland has reason to be grateful to a foreign power. Foreign power, sir! Why should I designate that nation a foreign power which has proved itself our sister country? England, they sometimes say, is our sister country. We deny the relationship—we discard it. We claim America as our sister, and, claiming her as such, we have assembled here this night. * * *

"The toast, moreover, to which you have invited me to speak dictates a noble lesson to Ireland. The ladies of America refused to wear English manufactures. The ladies of America refused to drink the tea that came taxed from England. If you honor those illustrious ladies imitate their virtue, and be their rivals in heroic citizenship. If their example be imitated here, I think the day shall come when the Irish flag will be hailed in the port of Boston. But, if, in the vicissitudes to which all nations are exposed, danger should fall upon the great Republic, and if the choice be made to us to desert or befriend the land of Washington and Franklin, I, for one, will prefer to be grateful to the Samaritan rather than be loyal to the Levite."

GEN. CARR WOULD INVADE ENGLAND

That veteran hero of many wars, Gen. Eugene A. Carr, retired, does not believe in confining attacks on England, in the event of war, to this side of the Atlantic exclusively. He says, in a telegram from Albuquerque, N.M., to a New York paper:

"Congress would declare war and raise armies, probably by moblizing national guards in states for defensive and incidental offensive operations, and forming an active army of regulars and volunteers. Plan of campaign: Mask Canada by army corps of the National guard at points along the line. It would not invade Canada unless it showed decided hostility, as it is supposed to be friendly and may be expected to drop into our arms. With 100,000 or 200,000 men or more on transports, escorted by our navy and auxiliary fleet, I would land on Great Britain and take it. Of course, the landing would be masked by demonstrations on different points, and might be in Ireland, where we would find a friendly people. Operations against British commerce and dependencies would be conducted by privateers and independent expeditions."

THE "CHRONICLE" ON "TAY PAY" AND THE LONDON IRISH.

The Chicago *Daily Chronicle* of Dec. 23 administers the subjoined severe rebuke to that Englishman born in Athlone, T. P. O'Connor, editor of the London *Star*:

"Of all insufferable Anglomaniacs your cockney Irishmen is the worst. It remained for T. P. O'Connor, who has enjoyed the hospitality of the United States, to express the thought that the Southerner would not support the United States in a war with Great Britain. 'The Southern citizens,' he says, 'must be reckoned with. Yankee is yet a term of reproach in the South, and the tattered war flags of the capital at Richmond are revered and sacred relics. The name of Jefferson Davis is a greater one to conjure with than Cleveland. There are yet men alive in the South who dream that the Stars and Bars will one day wave over the Stars and Stripes.'

"The cockney Irishman who visited the United States must have been so intent as a beggar that he wholly failed to catch the present spirit of the people of the United States. There is nowhere a dream of the revival of the Southern Confederacy, nowhere is there a thought of placing the Stars and Bars above the Stars and Stripes. In a war with Great Britain there would be in the South all the ardor that was displayed when Jackson, a Southerner, destroyed Pakenham and his invading army.

"In the event of a war with the United States it is beyond question that this cockney who has often flaunted his Irishism in this country for the purpose of gaining halfpence would sympathize wholly with the British Empire. This is the style of Irishman whom American-Irish have been supporting in the delusion that if strife should come they could count upon the hatred of such Irishmen to the British crown and British constitution. They have relied upon broken reeds. Many of the Irish Irish are British Irish. The Irish who think that England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity are the Irish who have left Ireland. The Irish who are in England are men of the O'Connor stripe, as despicable a lot of beggars on horseback as any generation ever developed."

O'Connor's editorial utterance of which the *Chronicle* complains was, in full, as follows:

"To us, whose public men are, almost without exception, honest, it is incredible that statesmen should be prepared to bring misery and death to thousands for the transient glories of office. That to President Cleveland such methods are possible is reason why America should pause. The Southern States must be reckoned with. 'Yankee' is yet a term of reproach in the South, and the tattered war flags of the capital, Richmond, are revered and sacred relics. The name of Jefferson Davis is a greater one to conjure with than Cleveland. There are yet men living in the South who dream that the Stars and Bars will one day wave above the Stars and Stripes."

Only very lately, in Belfast, this same O'Connor, who is only a kind of washed out Whig, ridiculed the American Irish, on the ground that they could not appreciate his oratory, and that they sat in solemn silence, never uttering a cheer or a sound of even moderate applause, "until the fourth hour" of his discourse. His statement is a lie on the face of it, as everybody knows who ever addressed an Irish-American audience with any degree of spirit, or who has listened to any speaker who has. T. P. O'Connor is evidently a very self-sufficient prig. He ought to know that among the sturdiest defenders of the Monroe doctrine may be classed the veteran hero of the Confederate army, Gen. James Longstreet and that chivalrous soldier and statesman, Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia. The South would emulate the North, in case of war, and "Dixie" would mingle inspiringly with "Yankee Doodle" in America's advance on her British foes. Reverence for Jefferson Davis and for the Stars and Bars is only an antiquated sentiment. The cause of quarrel between South and North passed away with the abolition of slavery, and not even as great a political imbecile as Mr. O'Connor could dare for a moment to believe that the South would have slavery back on any terms. The South made a supremely gallant fight for what it erroneously believed to be its right, and it failed with honor. The surrender of Appomattox, like the capitulation of Limerick, left no sting to the military pride of the vanquished. There was only this great difference between them: the Appomattox treaty was fulfilled to the letter, while that of Limerick was so notoriously violated as to become a reproach to England—Mr. O'Connor's adopted country—in the mouths of the nations. O'Connor may be a fair sized political man in England, but in America he would be classed as a dwarf.

We do not agree, however, with the *Chronicle's* belief that the Irish in London, or throughout England, are of O'Connor's way of thinking. The spirit that struck terror in Manchester, and imperilled Chester Castle, is still alive in the enemy's stronghold. As for the Irish in Ireland, prudence may seal their lips at present, but their hearts are with us now, as at the time of the Trent affair of 1861, when, at a great mass meeting held in Dublin, they declared they would not furnish a man or a shilling to aid in bombarding American cities or in humiliating the American flag.

The truth is, moral force agitation, as it is called, has been doing good work for England both in Ireland and America. Show us an Irish Whig and we will show you a man who cannot be relied upon in either war or peace. Any Irishman, Protestant or Catholic, who believes in the British connexion, at home or abroad, is an Englishman at heart and an enemy to both America and Ireland, which are the two countries of the earth that England most abhers—the former because she has outshone Britain, and Ireland because Britain has injured her.

DELANEY & MURPHY.

Among the firms that have been friendly to THE CITIZEN from the first, and that deserve its special thanks, the popular wholesale liquor house of Delaney & Murphy, 10 and 12 Wabash avenue, stands conspicuous. This acknowledgment, which should have been embodied in the article of last week, and was omitted by pure accident, is due from us to Delaney & Murphy. THE CITIZEN never willingly forgets its friends. We may be permitted to add that one good reason for the prosperity of the firm is the fact that it constantly advertises in THE CITIZEN. Others should take this lesson to heart and act upon it.

LET US GET READY.

It is by no means improbable that war may come between America and England within a very few years. The countries have so many conflicting interests, far and near, that hostilities cannot always be averted. During the interval of peace that remains to us, we should pay respectful heed to Maj.-Gen. Miles's suggestions relative to a better system of coast defense, and the fighting strength of the navy should be increased immediately. It will cost a great deal of money, but not one-fiftieth as much as a state of war—with this country unprepared for a struggle. We may as well recognize the fact that a war with England, or any other great naval power, would not be a picnic by any means. Our richest cities, as is well known to our enemies, are practically defenseless. Even here in Chicago we would stand an excellent chance of being bombarded by light draft English gunboats, which could come up through the Welland Canal, which has been deepened recently, no doubt with that purpose in view. The recent antics of our Canadian neighbors ought to convince us, unless we are omen blind, that they are hostile. Now a few good shore batteries constructed at vantage points along our lake front, would be sufficient to keep the enemy's boats at a respectful distance. It is true we could eventually seize the Welland Canal, but could we do it in time to prevent mischief? Nobody can ever count military chickens before they are hatched. Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo and our other lake cities should have shore batteries without unnecessary delay, and the congressmen representing districts comprised within those cities should immediately agitate for the necessary appropriations. The American nation should lay these two homely old adages to heart: "Forewarned is forearmed," and "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

THE HIBERNIAN DEMONSTRATION.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan will preside at the great Ancient Order of Hibernians' demonstration to be held in Central Music Hall next Tuesday evening, Dec. 31. Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere will be the orator of the occasion, and a more capable one could not have been invited. Mr. Wilhere's life has been directed in a great measure toward propagating the Ancient Order, and no man in America is better acquainted with its history and its objects. Besides, Mr. Wilhere is a patriotic American citizen and an enthusiastic friend of the independence of Ireland. He has been honored with a position of high public trust by his fellow-citizens of Philadelphia, who, without regard to party, admire his straightforward manly character. THE CITIZEN hopes that an immense audience will greet the Most Rev. Archbishop and Mr. Wilhere next Tuesday evening.

HOW THE "WAR CLOUD" STANDS.

The Great British are all worked into a ferment of more ar less horror over the prospects of war with us. Joe Pulitzer, the Hungarian gentleman who runs the New York *World*, and who is one of our cis-Atlantic bellyachers, has sent requests to a number of people on the other side, great and small, to give their opinions on the threatened great conflict. We find Lord Roseberry inclined to ridicule the very idea of hostilities "between two mighty nations of the Anglo-Saxon race," you know—just as if we were Anglo-Saxons! Oh, the emasculated muttonhead! This country is no more "Anglo-Saxon" than France, Russia or Ireland. All that is "Anglo-Saxon" in America is, with a few possible exceptions, Tory in sentiment. Look at Boston stultifying herself by the failure of her common council to indorse the Monroe doctrine, just as Connecticut failed to sustain President Madison in the unpleasantness of 1812. In addition to American Anglo-Saxon Tories, we find arrayed against the Monroe doctrine on the present issue, the Joe Pulitzer aforesaid, with whom the typical Anglo-Saxon Yankee, George W. Smalley, seems to be working hand in hand; a few crazy preachers, who are more English than American; Prof. Von Holst, of the Chicago University, and Dr. Washington Hesing, of the *Staats Zeitung*. These parties do not represent real American sentiment anymore than Henry George and his peculiar squad of associates, who got up the anti-war meeting in New York Monday night and earned more hisses than cheers.

It is a mistake, however, to suppose that America intends to rush blindly into a war, nor is that the intention, or spirit, of the President's Venezuela message. This government invited arbitration on the boundary subject, which Great Britain peremptorily refused, and, having regard for the dignity of the United States and the invulnerability of the Monroe doctrine, Mr. Cleveland could not do otherwise than he did, having due regard to his oath of office. Now, having taken a manly stand—a stand similar to that for which millions applauded the late James G. Blaine—any American citizen who condemns the President for being a patriot, ought to pack his grip and go over to Europe, where he belongs.

The politic English, statesmen, scholars, poets, bishops, ministers and merchants, are now trying to smooth the ruffled plumage of the American Eagle. Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, abhors war in general, he says, which is only natural coming from a churchman who is always supposed to walk in the paths of peace, although at least one illustrious Pope, Julius II, and several bishops, including Heber MacMahon of Ireland, wielded the sword as easily as the Cross Keys or the crozier. As for the English Protestant bishops, they, of course, want no war, especially as some of their sons may hold commissions in the British army and might happen to run against vulgar Yankee bullets.

John Redmond comes out with a manly declaration in favor of America, in the event of trouble, and he may be taken to represent all that is openly national in Ireland. As for the Whig majority of the Irish parliamentary members, nothing can be expected from them but a timid silence, or a disgustingly loyal yawp, as in the case of T. P. O'Connor, the great gun of Athlone.

We subjoin a few of the telegrams sent from England and Ireland to Hungarian Joe, called, for short, "Hungry Joe":

"EDINBURGH, Dec. 23.—*Joseph Pulitzer, New York World:* I can only reply that I absolutely disbelieve in the possibility of war between the United States and Great Britain on such an issue as this, for it would be the greatest crime on record. History would have to relate that two mighty nations of the Anglo-Saxon race at a time when they appeared to be able to overshadow the world in the best interests of Christianity and civilization preferred to cut each other's throats about a frontier squabble in a small South American republic. The proposition only requires to be stated to demonstrate its absurdity. All that is wanted is a level head and cool common-sense in our governments. I congratulate you on the good work that your paper appears to be doing in this direction. ROSEBERY."

"LONDON, Dec. 23.—*New York World:* Our common humanity and our Christianity sternly condemn a fratricidal war. Every Chrsstian patriot on both sides of the Atlantic must employ every effort to avert a curse that would strike us all alike. We are too closely bound to America by blood, respect, and affection for her people to tolerate the idea of bloodshed. Let us all remember the words, 'Blessed are peacemakers, for they shall be called children of God.'" HERBERT, CARDINAL VAUGHAN. Archbishop of Westminster.

"DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—*New York World:* Wholly unaware of the merits of the case. Can only express abhorrence of war in general. It will be deplorable if the wise precedent of 1871 cannot be followed. PATRICK, Archbishop of Dublin."

"DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—*The World, New York:* You ask for an expression of opinion on the war crisis from me as representative of Irish thought. In this, as in all other matters, I can speak only as a representative of Irish opinion. If war results from a reassertion of the Monroe doctrine Irish national sentiment will be solid on the side of America. With home rule rejected, Ireland can have no feeling of friendliness toward Great Britain. JOHN E. REDMOND, M.P."

"LONDON, Dec. 23.—*Pulitzer, World, New York:* While fully reciprocating your friendly sentiments, it is impossible for the Foreign Secretary to the course you suggest. E. BARRINGTON. Foreign Office."

"CHESTER, Dec. 23.—*Pulitzer, New York:* Every generous Christian heart in England, and not least kindly Chester, is wholly with you in your high appeal to the more deliberate judgment of your great and understanding people. God speed you in your patriotic endeavor. BISHOP OF CHESTER."

"LIVERPOOL, Dec. 23.—*Pulitzer, New York:* American excitement very sorrowful and surprising in England. No feeling here but peaceful and brotherly. Much prayer going on. BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL."

"DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—*New York World:* I am fully assured that every member of the Church of Ireland most earnestly deprecates anything that could imperil peace or cause disunion between us and our American brethren. LORD PLUNKETT, Archbishop of Dublin."

"DUBLIN, Dec. 23.—*New York World:* So far as I am concerned I would prefer Venezuela and Guiana consigned to the bottom of the sea rather than war with the United States. It is thought here the United States insists on being the arbitratist in frontier disputes. If distinctly understood, the proposal is that an unbiased arbitrator be appointed to designate the frontier. I am certain public opinion would insist on our government accepting this solution. Public men in America should explain. LABOUCHERE."

VEHEMENT AMERICANISM.

Two of the most vehement American patriots that the Anglo-American controversy has developed are Henry Watterson, of Louisville, and John J. Ingalls, of Kansas. Both agree almost to a word, and as Mr. Ingalls puts his views into briefest form, we present their spirit to our readers thus:

"The President's message is an adroit appeal to the profoundest passion of the American people. Our conception of the Monroe doctrine is vague, and our love for Venezuela is platonic, but we all hate England. It is hereditary. It is so intense that it obliterates party lines, effaces sectionalism, and makes us homogeneous. We divide on protection, on silver, on the race question, but in our hatred for England we are unanimous. The sloppy diplomatic twaddle about kindred blood and common language deceives nobody. We feel that England is our only enemy among the great powers of the earth. It has been so from the beginning of our history. We remember the tyranny that led to the revolution; the insolent affronts that brought on the war of 1812; the burning of Washington; the Mason-Slidell incident; the Alabama and the Shenandoah, and the intrigues for the destruction of the Union. At every crisis in our affairs, we have encountered the secret or open hostility of England, and the tone of her press has been always cynical, sneering, and contemptuous.

"But there will be no war. Like all ruffians and bullies, England is a coward and poltroon when it comes to a show down; she never fights her equals; she kicks women and children; she bullies Turkey, Egypt, Hindoostan, South Sea Islanders and African tribes, and tyrannizes over the weak and feeble, but when Grant notified her that she must pay for the depredations her pirates committed on our commerce in the rebellion, or take the consequences, she accepted the Geneva award, and sent her check for $15,500,000 in full settlement of our claim.

"We shall have an interval of bluster and startling rumors, sensational gossip in the newspapers, stilted and frigid correspondence between Sir Julian and Sir Thomas, and Lord Salisbury and Secretary Olney. The commissioners will sail for Venezuela in a ship of war, take volumes of testimony at Caracas about the disputed boundary; return to Washington, hear the arguments, and deliberate over their report. Meanwhile, the high contracting parties will exchange assurances of distinguished consideration."

MR. MEDILL SLAPS ENGLISH AUTHORS

The Hon. Joseph Medill, editor of the *Tribune*, takes no stock in English philanthropy. In an editorial entitled "British Authors Plead for Peace," of the issue of Dec. 26, the *Tribune* says:

"This country is at present much the most profitable market for their literary wares. A few years ago Congress, in a fit of vast generosity, handed the American market over to them free, to charge what they please for their books and writings. They have utilized the opportunity, and American readers have to pay about half as much again as they did before the big gift to them by Congress. If there were to be a war with England those valuable copyright concessions would be at an end, and British authors would not get fat on the profits drawn from the sale of their works in this country. It has just occurred to them that this would be the case, and at the same moment they discovered that it would be 'civil war' and 'fratricidal strife' if England and the United States were to engage in battle over English aggressions upon Venezuela and the American Monroe doctrine."

COULD we fight all Europe? Yes, if we wanted to, but we don't. England is all we are after at present.

OUR young men ought to form independent militia companies everywhere it may be possible to do so. They can purchase regulation undress uniforms, of the regular army pattern, for a mere trifle. Arms are cheap and the state could, if necessary, supply them. Now is the time to get ready.

"PEACE with honor"—construct shore batteries.

THE English have made a fizzle of their attempt to stampede our finances. W. K. Vanderbilt said, "If the English call in their loans, close our ports on them." Good for W.K. He "coppered" Marlborough's ace.

GENERAL MILES has a level head. Heed his counsel.

AT least 10,000 men should be enlisted for the heavy (coast) artillery service immediately. They may be no more than passably trained before war breaks out.

HONOR with peace—increase the navy.

"RORY OF THE HILL" is still holding the field at McVicker's. Mr. Roach and his excellent company have won golden opinions in this city, and we hope the remainder of the engagement, which will continue one week longer, may be as successful as all concerned wish it to be. The drama deserves success. It is the best equipped, and best acted, Irish play that has been on the boards for years.

JOHN F. FINERTY will be the guest of the Knights of the Red Branch during his stay in San Francisco next March 4

RUSSIA is willing to hold England's Cashmere shawl. Cashmere is in India.

THE war is now surely over. Congress passed, on Saturday, a bill removing the disabilities of all who served in the Rebel army and navy.

THE English are again beginning to call us their "dear cousins." Now look out for them

THE President, the House, and the Senate have all declared for the Monroe doctrine. This fact seems to have found lodgment in John Bull's thick skull at last.

The People Believe what they read about Hood's Sarsaparilla. They know that it is an honest medicine, and that it cures disease. That is why you should get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, relieve constipation and assist digestion. 25c.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more the Northwestern Line has reduced the time of its trans-continental trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelously short time of three days. Palace drawing-room sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily tourist sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered tourist sleepers being furnished at a cost of only $6 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6 p.m. and 10:30 p.m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South. For detailed information concerning rates, routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago.

THE IRISH TONGUE.

"The Irish tongue is a vulgar tongue,"
'twas an Irishman who spoke,
But his soul was seared and crushed
with the rust of the Saxon yoke,
And the tales he told and the songs he
sang they smacked of the Saxon land,
Not such shall ever build again a nation
great or grand.

"The Irish tongue is a useless tongue,"
said the bodagh who grubbed for
gold,
"In the language of the stranger is our
merchandise bought and sold;
Nor richer can Irish make us, nor bring
us power or pelf,
So, 'twere waste of time to speak it,"
said the bodagh who thought of self.

"The Irish tongue is out of date," said
the brand-new modern man.
"And we must all be abreast of the times,
for that is the wisest plan:
In the circles of wealth and fashion the
English is all in vogue,
And I would speak as the English speak,"
but he spoke with an Irish brogue.

"The Irish language keeps us poor," said
the patriot of the new school,
"And the man who doesn't forget it is
little else than a fool,
A practical patriot am I of bread and
butter creed,
I seek to bring the people wealth," but
somehow he didn't succeed.

* * * * *

"The Irish tongue is my native tongue,"
said the sterling Irishman,
"And dearer to me than Saxon speech,
nathless this clamoring clan,
Its stories are Irish stories and its songs
are Irish songs,
And they never glorify England nor
aught that to her belongs."

"It breathes the soul of the Gaelic race
into my kindred soul,
And the great heart of my fathers it
speaks to me pure and whole,
And I'll speak the tongue of my fathers,
though cowardly rallers rail,
And I'll pass to my Gaelic children the
potent tongue of the Gael."

Then a spirit arose in Erin that shamed
the weakling crew,
And around the Irish-speaking man
there rallied the brave and true,
And they vowed the tongue of the
stranger no longer shall all prevail,
But the Gaelic tongue of the kindly Gael
shall echo through Innisfail.

And North and South and East and
West, from Derry to Cape Clear,
From Bantry Bay to Port Lairge, from
Gaillmh to Baile-atha-cliath,
The Gaelic spirit is stirring, and manlier
grow our men,
And the old tongue that long was silent
is heard in Erin again.

P. T. M'G.

—Derry Journal.

FENIAN BRAVERY.

How True Men Fought in '67.

BY J. CLARKE.

Throughout countless ages down across the stormy centuries of our country's history many are the acts of heroism recorded on its pages. At all times when duty called brave men to act the hero's part some have been found to face all the terrors of the situation, and oftentimes life itself has been forfeited. For unparalleled acts of heroism our country holds first place. On every occasion when fanatical, brutal, and deliberate attempts were made to completely destroy the power of true Irish Nationality, men came forth and faced the foe. The pages of Ireland's history bear testimony to the many trials and privations of her resolute sons. At home every country has given its heroes and martyrs to the cause of liberty, and many incidents could be referred to, but at present I purpose dealing with a few deeds and encounters between the military and the brave Fenian men in ever memorable '67.

March broke with all its fury over Ireland and the sufferings of many of the faithful must have been terrible indeed. However, the crisis was at hand, the hour had struck, the day appointed for the unfurling of the green and gold had arrived. In many an Irish homestead hearts were beating quickly for the coming fray. It was truly an anxious moment, the time for the midnight meetings, the military training in the moonlight, the enthusiasm and true Irish spirit that brought many to the old spots by the riverside or in the shadows of the ruined abbeys had passed. Henceforth men would be privileged to meet the enemies of their race in deadly combat. On that dreary March night a hurricane swept over the country accompanied by a heavy fall of snow. Out in the darkness men dashed, invoking God's aid, and clasping to their bosom those whom they loved, they took a last look at the homes of their fathers, and away they sped to do at least a true man's part for Ireland. When the episodes of that trying time are written, the brave Fenian men will be vindicated on the grounds that they did their best to rescue their country for all time from the Saxon's binding grasp.

Timothy Daly, the hero of the following incident, was born in Middleton, county Cork, during the year 1843. A boy during the famine years, he grew up strongly impressed with the many scenes of cruelty that he witnessed in his native district. He could hear the tales of the coffin ships bearing many of his friends away to distant lands. At an early age he went to America, and after remaining in the republic for four years he returned. On coming home he threw himself heart and soul into the Fenian movement. He had a passiotate love of Irish literature, and to this he devoted all his leisure time, imparting lessons to his younger friends and helping to bring up good Irishmen. In a short time his ability and earnestness won for him the entire confidence of his comrades, who looked to him for guidance. On the night of the 5th of March he left his home full of high hopes, believing that in a few short hours a general engagement would take place and that the brave ones who had been meeting and training for years would live to witness the success of their plans. The storm raged with unabated fury, not a star was to be seen, God's canopy was darkened. Brave Timothy Daly was second in command to the gallant Peter O'Neill Crowley. On he marched at the head of his column, not a ray of light was visible save the faint gleam in the cabin of a peasant. They had the blessings of the poor; when worn and fatigued they would halt and obtain a refreshment on their weary march at the home of those who loved them and knew they were up for Ireland and the green.

On their march they assembled at a place called the Rocks. After a short rest a party of police came upon them. Timothy Daly in a voice of thunder called upon them to surrender in the name of the Irish Republic. The police refused. Shots were immediately exchanged. In the affray a policeman was shot dead. Daly then reformed his men and marched off. In this first encounter the brave Fenians were successful, which augured well for forming a junction with Peter O'Neill Crowley and the summoning of a council of war. After a march of some miles they arrived at Castlemartyr, a small town in Cork. The police believing that an attack would be made on their stronghold made the necersary preparation for an assault. To form a junction with Crowley it was necessary to capture the barrack. Timothy Daly formed up his men and he gave orders to fire at long range; the police replied from the barrack windows and the battle became general. The fire was kept up briskly on both sides for some hours. Daly despairing of capturing the place by such means gave orders to the men to march forward and if possible storm the enemy's position. Daly advanced in person, rifle in hand, right up to the barrack window, and made a determined effort to force an entrance. His party filed off and surrounded the barrack. In the meantime, a police sergeant discovered that the chief of the Fenians would actually effect an entrance, when he immediately levelled his rifle and fired. The shot took deadly effect. Into the bosom of the brave patriot it entered and he fell a lifeless corpse—dead for Ireland!

The men who accompanied him retired and were afterwards captured in Kilclooney. After the inquest his remains were handed over to his friends. From all parts of the country true men journeyed to offer a tribute of respect to his memory. His father's house was invaded by England's hirelings, and over his corpse the armed policemen of England stood. Every insult that could be offered to a fallen foe was tendered. England's government was not secure, the power of tee dead Fenian was something to be dreaded, and it was necessary to overawe the people by a show of force. Timothy Daly's name is written in golden letters on Ireland's patriot roll. His honorable and self-sacrificing stand for his country's freedom has endeared his name to millions of true Irishmen. His remains lie in Killclagh churchyard, where his tomb has been often watered by the tears of patriot men and women.—*Northern Patriot.*

HYMENEAL.

CUNNEA-M'ELHERNE.

Mr. Wm. A. Cunnea and Miss Mary E. McElherne, were married Christmas Day, at the Church of the Annunciation, by the Rev. Father Hugh O'Gara MacShane. Mr. Cunnea is a popular young lawyer of this city, and the bride is a daughter of the late Mr. P. T. McElherne, long a distinguished member of the bar of this state and city.

WANTED: AN IRISH BARD.

[To the Editor.]

Ever since the days when Tyrtæus fed the the fire of patriotism in Hellenic Athens has the bard played a conspicuous part in moulding his country's destiny. We might safely ante-date the days of Tyrtæus and glancing through the mists of time pluck examples from both profane and biblical history. What ardor may not the verses of Homer have infused into Grecian valor? The bardic recital of the contests around the old Olympus-beloved city where such heroes as Agamemnon, king of men, and Hector, the idol of the Trojan heart, fought under the aegis of their respective gods, must have nerved the Spartans and Athenians in their overthrow of the Persians at Thermopylæ and Salamis. What enthused the soul of the age-worn Saul to battle against the foes of Jehovah so much as the harp of the youthful David? Such instances are innumerable in the checkered history of this great old world of ours. On through the avenues of time we may trace the song of the bard and the strains of the harp and note their ennobling effects on the story of the nations. A hymn brought about a French revolution and a war song stirred the pulses of the German heart in crossing the Rhine.

Towards Ireland, the land of the bard and harp, we turn in reminiscent yearning only to find with a throb of pain that of late no powerful poetic minstrel has played on the strings of the Celtic harp with the touch of national sentiment. The angel of genius, like the angel of the Lord in olden Egypt, has passed over the land without tipping with its fortunate wand the sons of Erin. Though the influence of England has robbed her of much native talent yet now and then in the past a brand has escaped the general conflagration. London, that Circe of Ireland's genius, has failed in some instances to seduce. In the present century Davis and Griffin, "Speranza" and Sullivan, with many others of lesser note, have struck notes in unison with [illegible] aspirations. National songs, oftentimes of a rudely primitive type, have figured conspicuously in Ireland's periodic uprisings in the long night of her dark oppression. Ballads such as "The Frinch are on the Say, Says the Shan Van Vocht" were chanted on many an Irish hillside while the rays of the silvery moon glistened upon the peasant's pike or spear. "Shawn O'Farrell" or the "Rising of the Moon" oftentimes roused the slumbering pulses of the young Fenian in the days of '67. We can well imagine the effects of Davis' splendid lament, "The West's Asleep" in uplifting the sentiment of Connaught against the Sassenach.

It is for reasons such as these that we deplore the want of a truly national bard. Sullivan in his "God Save Ireland" proves that he has been touched with a little of the divine fire. He has, however, been silent since that great effort. Like Othello he is sinking in "the vale of years" and this editorial poet seems to have been pensioned off by the Muses. We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that a national laureate now figures in Ireland's "want column." With patriotism and talent on her side, however, she may hopefully look forward to the time when another Davis will in bardic strains revive in glorious memory the recollection of her days of old. W. J. P.

GAELIC POETRY.

Aonach Chroma an t-Sughachais.

Seághan O Tuama, cct.

This poem is taken from a manuscript collection of poems and Fenian tales compiled and written in a beautiful and artistic style of penmanship about fifty years ago in the county Clare. The manuscript, which contains a large number of pieces hitherto unpublished is now the property of Mr. Thomas Kane, 749 West Fourteenth street, Chicago, a gentleman well known to the members of the Gaelic Classes of Chicago. The author of the poem, Seághan O'Tuama (John Toomey), flourished about one hund ed and fifty years ago. The transcriber is unable to furnish any information as to the circumstances under which the poem was composed, or of the "aonach," meeting, assembly or fair of "Croma an t-súghachais." (Croom of the merriment," the present Croom county Limerick) which called forth this remarkable eulogy. The aim of the Irish poets, those truly cultured masters of the art of versification, was to produce on the ear by the harmonious arrangement of sounds the same pleasing effect the painter produces on the eye by the artistic grouping and blending of colors. This poem is a "sound picture," a marvel of poetic composition. It will be noted among its other peculiarites which cannot be fully enumerated at this time, that the vowel sounds in their regular order from *a* to *o*—with the exception of long *o* which does not occur in the poem at all—occur in every line. —CONAN MAOL.

Gach sár-fhear saordha séimh-ghlic soirbh súgach,
Eidir dáimh a's éigse a's cléir an phoball dháthchais,
Bhur ndán go léir, bhur ndréacht a's bhur n-gothrum cúnta
Chum trácht air aonach aerach Chroma an t-súghachais,

Atá an Mháig geal braonach céim do mholaid úghdair
Le fánadh ag téagheacht go slaodach stoirmgnúiseach:
Is árd 's is tréan a g-céim go clus do'n dúthche
Ag snámh fád' dhéin-se, aonaigh Chroma an t-sughachais.

Na táinte éisg ag teacht 'na d-torn bhrúchtaibh
Air bhárr an fhéir tré chaorthaibh bhorb thúnach;
Na feádha ag slaoda feadh na torthaibh cúmbra
Cois mágha na d-tréad aig aonach Chroma an t-súghachais.

Is gnáthach spéirbhean mhaorgha an bhrollaigh úrghil,
Bhreágha dheas bhéasach mhéarlag mhodhambail mhúinte,
Go ságil gach ségimh-chruith séadach socair snuadhcheart,
Air árdmhodh aerach aonaigh Chroma t-súghachais.

Is gnáthach saorfhialth séimhghlic solus-ghnúiseach,
Láidir laochda léidbheach lonnach lúnnach,
Feardha fraochda faobhrach foirtil fúntach
Ag trácht gach céim gnuigh(1) aonaigh Chroma an t-súghachais.

Is gnáthach staodach craosach crúsach cumtha,
Lán-mhear léimneach léir na lasa scúrsa,
Gan ságáith gan ségimh nár staon i g-cogadh an chomhruic,
Ag rás gan traochadh air aonach Chroma an t-súghachais.

Dáimh a's cléire a's éigse ag socrughadh cirt,
Dáin d'á leigheadh a's léighean d'á loma sgrúdughadh:
Ráidhtibh Dé gan baos na dul air g-cúlaimh
I n-árus naomh aig aonach Choma an t-súghachais.

Ni thráchtaim féin am' réim air stoc na d-triúcha,
Air lán-mhart mheithe na air threadaibh socaire lomdha:
Air fás na n-déas no'n fear glas gorm-ghnúiseach,
Mar atá air gach taobh dhiot, aonaigh Chroma an t-súghachais.

Ni áit i n-Eirinn eachtaigh orchair úrghlan
Is feárr ioná é 's is féile poball dídíthghil.
Bidheann gáirag éanlaith an aedhairag moladh an Dúillimh(2)
Le gárdus cléibh aig aonach Chroma an t-súghachais.

A chairde cléibh do shaorthaigh scoith na n-úghdair,
A's dá'r thall(3) na beithe léighinn(4) na srothaibh úrd,
Ná fágaigh me i g-céin gan comhthrom cúmhanta
Ag trácht air aonach aerach Chroma an t-súghachais.

1. *Gnuigh*—ni thuigim a ciall so, agus b'féidir gur focal eile ba chóir do bheith ann, acht is amhlaidh ta sé 'san laimh-sgríbhinn.
2. *Duillimh*—sean ainm air Dúlá, an Cruthulgheoir. Dúileamh, gen. Dúillimh. no Dúileamhan.
3. *Tall*—ag so focal eile nach bh-faghaim a chiall i bh-focloiric).
4. *Beithe leighinn*—Sploraide coimeádtha na fóghluma agus na filidheachta (Muses).

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address.

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FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE IRISH SUITOR.

Oh, share my cottage, Molly dear,
I've dreamed about thee many a year
And now I come in hope and fear
To lay my heart before thee.
No other maid I love so well
Oh how I love I cannot tell
But why upon affection dwell—
Enough that I adore thee.

What bliss untold to call thee mine,
To bask beneath thy glance divine
More radiant than the beams that shine
In summer's noonday o'er us.
My life so long a prey to woe.
No more of doubt or gloom would know,
But like a crystal current flow
And drown all griefs before us.

Oh, lone and dismal is the hearth
Without a woman's cheerful mirth,
The fairest spot on all the earth
Without her smile was dreary.
My cottage is not half complete
Without the noise of woman's feet.
And thou, thy look and voice so sweet,
Alone can make it cheery.

And dost thow know, my dearest maid,
How much I need thy gentle aid,
Whatever size or shape or shade
Man can't dispense with woman.
And I, how could I spend my days,
And never meet a kindred gaze
Or tempt the matrimonial maze—
'Twould really be inhuman.

My, hens and ducks are gone astray,
The magpies steal their eggs away,
In coop or "kishawn" will not lay
And rarely come to feeding.
And I must leave the spade and plow
To feed the chicks, to milk the cow,
To make my bed, and cook—so now
Am I not helpmate needing?

Wilt thou be mine for better-worse—
I ask not for a crowded purse—
Wilt thou refuse and make me curse
The day that first I met thee?
A married man I'm bound to be
And Betty Dhu o'er yonder lea
Would laugh and cry with downright
glee,
And longs her eyes to get me.

P. T. M'G.

DEATH OF DENNY LANE.

He Was and Eminent Irish Nationalist and Literary Worker.

Mr. Denny Lane, who died in Cork, Ireland, Nov. 20, at the age of 77 years, was a devoted patriot, associated with every Irish National movement from Repeal, onward. He was born in Cork in 1818. After his school education in his native city, he entered Trinity College, and in 1839 he took his degree of M.A. Subsequently he entered the Inner Temple, London, from which he was called to the bar about the year 1842. Called with him on the same day was the notorious Judge Keogh. Residing in Dublin, it was but natural that Mr. Lane should be attracted to the Repeal Association, and when the division took place between the Old Ireland Party and the Young Irelanders he attached himself to the latter. Among his friends then were many distinguished Irishmen, including Thomas Davis, who had no more intimate friend, perhaps; Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, John Dillon, Sr.; John Edward Pigott, Michael Joseph Barry, John O'Hagan, subsequently judge of the land court, and William Smith O'Brien. Mr. Lane took a prominent part in the Young Ireland movement, with the result that in 1848, during the suspension of the Habeas Corpus act, he was confined in Cork Prison for four months. Mr. Lane suffered very grave pecuniary losses for his politics.

When John Francis Maguire first contested Dungarvan, and nearly won the seat from Richard Lalor Sheil, Mr. Lane was at his side. He stood over the grave of another of his life-long friends, Joe Ronayne, and delivered a touching address which is still remembered. The occasion on which he was a candidate for the parliamentary representation of Cork needs no further notice than that the Nationalist vote was split between him and Mr. John Daly, and Mr. Goulding was returned. Quite receutly he was again asked to appear as a parliamentary candidate and promised an unopposed return, but several reasons, including the present confused state of parties, impelled Mr. Lane to decline the honor.

The development of Irish industries was one of the numerous subjects that always enlisted his sympathy and practical support. He was a most sympathetic patron of local artists, and on several occasions he addressed the art students of Cork in speeches two or three of which have been reprinted in magazines. He was chairman of the School of Science, and devoted a great deal of his time to the subjects connected with gas, steam, and electricity. He was twice elected president of the Institute of Gas Engineers—in 1887 and 1893. On another occasion he addressed a body of French engineers in their own tongue, and wrought them to a high pitch of enthusiasm by his felicitous allusions to the alliance between the Irish Brigade and the soldiers of France.

As regards his connection with literature, it should be added that among his spoken words was his address on the proposal to erect a monument to the memory of Father Tom Burke and another consisting of his oration at the grave of his dear friend, Joe Ronayne. A third which calls for special mention was the inaugural address delivered by him as president of the Cork Literary and Scientific Society in 1888 at the opening of the fifty-second session. The title of the address was "Then and Now," a luminous survey of general literature as it existed during the years which witnessed the establishment of the society, with special references to the literary genius of Cork, as well as an instructive contrast with the period of the address. Mr. Lane was a cultured Irish gentleman, large-minded, and faithful to duty as he saw it.

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The Monon Route, with its customary enterprise, has put on a new fast train that makes the run between Chicago and Jacksonville in 35½ hours. This train is composed of elegant Pullman perfected safety vestibuled, open and compartment sleepers, including drawing-room and buffet sleepers, as well as comforable day coaches, with Monon celebrated high-back seats. This train leaves Chicago daily at 8:32 p.m., arriving at Cincinnati next morning at 7:30; Chattanooga, 5:50 p. m.; Atlanta, 10:40 p.m.; reaching Jacksonville at 8:20 the second morning, in ample time to make connection with all lines for points in Central and Southern Florida. This is the fastest time ever made by any line between Chicago and Florida. FRANK J. REED, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. City ticket office, 232 S. Clark street. For time cards, pamphlets and all other information, address L. E. SESSIONS, N. W. Passenger Agent, Minneapolis, Minn.

FOR the new Irish National Alliance Lapel Button, write to JOHN BEEGAN, 226 South Halsted street, Chicago.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

First National Bank
OF CHICAGO.

Statement of condition at close of business December 13, 1895.

ASSETS.

Loans and discounts		$17,417,827.81
Bank building and other real estate		500,000.00
United States bonds (par value)		234,400.00
Other bonds (market value)		1,477,063.91
Cash resources:		
Due from banks (Eastern exchange)	$4,254,264.25	
Checks for clearing house	1,799,782.78	
Cash on hand	6,680,233.09	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	30,250.00	
		12,764,830.12
		$32,393,321.84

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$ 3,000,000.00
Surplus fund	2,000,000.00
Other undivided profits	290,117.71
Deposits	27,103,,4 13
	$32,393,321.84

OFFICERS.

LYMAN J. GAGE, Prest.
JAS. B. FORGAN, Vice-Prest.
RICHARD J. STREET, Cashier.
HOLMES HOGE, Asst. Cashier.
FRANK E. BROWN, 2d Asst. Cash.

DIRECTORS.

S. M. NICKERSON, L. J. GAGE,
F. D. GRAY, S. W. ALLERTON,
R. C. NICKERSON, NELSON MORRIS,
E. F. LAWRENCE, EUGENE S. PIKE,
NORMAN B. REAM, A. A. CARPENTER,
JAMES B. FORGAN.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION
OF THE
CHICAGO NATIONAL BANK,

At the close of Business Dec. 13, 1895.

RESOURCES:

Loans and Discounts		$4,361,944.00
Overdrafts		25,487.64
U. S. bonds for circulation		50,000.00
Other bonds on hand		860,284.91
CASH ASSETS:		
Cash on hand	$1,460,450.40	
Due from banks	1,293,060.54	
Checks for Clearings	209,200.25	
Due from U. S. Treasurer	29,250.00	
		2,991,961.19
Total		$8,019,677.74

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$600,000.00
Surplus fund	500,000.00
Undivided profits	121,045.87
Dividends unpaid	15.00
Bank notes outstanding	45,000.00
Individual deposits	$5,473,215.25
Due banks	1,378,401.62
	6,853,616.37
Total	$8,019,677.74

DIRECTORS:

F. MADLENER, J. R. WALSH,
C. K. G. BILLINGS, WM. BEST,
ANDREW M'NALLY, FERD W. PECK,
MAURICE ROSENFELD.

J. R. WALSH, President.
ANDREW MCNALLY, Vice-President.
F. M. BLOUNT, Cashier.
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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Edward J. Morrissey, Administrator de bonis non of the estate of Peter Joyce, deceased, vs. Nora Joyce, Michael Joyce, Charles Joyce, Patrick Joyce, Edward Joyce, Thomas Joyce, Mary Joyce and the Live Stock Building and Loan Association. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a certain decretal order made and entered of record by said court in the above entitled cause on the 23d day of December A. D. 1895, the undersigned Administrator de bonis non of the estate of Peter Joyce, deceased, will on the 31st day of January A. D. 1896, at the hour of 11 o'clock in the forenoon at the judicial salesroom of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn-st., in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, offer for sale and sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said Peter Joyce, deceased, had at the time of his death in and to the following described real estate to-wit: Lot Thirty-three (33), in Block One (1) in the Subdivision of the North Three Quarters (N. ¾) of the North Half (N. ½) of the North East Quarter (N. E. ¼) of the South East Quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Eight (8) Township Thirty-eight (38) North, Range Fourteen (14), East of the Third Principal Meridian, in Cook County and State of Illinois. Said sale will be made subject to the dower interest and homestead right of Nora Joyce, widow of Peter Joyce, deceased, and subject also to a certain mortgage of the Live Stock Building and Loan Association, dated October 27, 1893, and recorded on the 2d day of November A.D. 1893 in Book 4242 of Records on page 447, securing a note of Nine Hundred Dollars bearing even date. No deed or deeds will be delivered to the purchaser or purchasers until such sale has been reported to and been approved by said Probate Court of Cook County.

Chicago, Illinois, December 23, 1895.
EDWARD J. MORRISSEY,
Administrator de bonis non of the estate of Peter Joyce, deceased.
P. B. Flanagan, Attorney

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Edward B. Healy, Administrator of the Estate of Richard McGraw, deceased, vs. Katie McGraw and John McGraw alias John McGrath, Richard W. McGraw alias Richard W. McGrath, James McGraw and Edward McGraw, minors, William S. Young, Guardian of the Estates of John McGrath and Richard W. McGrath, minors, James J. Hoch, Trustee, and Emma Brinkworth, legal holder and owner of Note and Trust Deed. Sale of real estate to pay debts.

Public Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree entered by the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, in the above entitled cause, on the 20th day of December, 1895, on the petition of said Administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent, to pay the debts of said estate, I, Edward B. Healy, Administrator of said Estate, will on Tuesday, the 28th day of January, 1896, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Salesrooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, aforesaid, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title, interest and estate which the said Richard McGraw, deceased, had at the time of his death in and to the following described real estate situated in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois to-wit: The undivided one-half (und. ½) of Lot Three (3) in Block Three (3) in Brown's Addition to Chicago. Said real estate will be sold for cash, but subject to a Trust deed dated July 18, 1892, given by said Richard McGraw and Katie McGraw, his wife, to James J. Hoch, Trustee, to secure their note for the sum of $[illegible] of even date with said Trust deed, payable to the order of Charlotta Liesegang, three years after date thereof with interest at 7 per cent per annum, which said note was by said Charlotta Liesegang duly assigned to Emma Brinkworth. Said real estate will be sold free, clear and discharged of the Homestead rights therein of Katie McGraw, widow of said decedent, but subject to the dower rights therein of said widow. No deed or deeds will be delivered to purchaser until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, December 28, 1895.
EDWARD B. HEALY,
Administrator
David Sullivan, Attorney for Administrator.

YELLOW BRIER.

Nowadays roses are fair ones, I know;
They seem living spirits imprisoned in snow.
They glow and they burn like a strong heart on fire.
But fairer and sweeter than all, I maintain,
Is a fresh, dewy spray of the bright yellow brier,
For the sight of it makes my old heart young again.

Nowadays roses are roses to me;
Nothing besides in their faces I see;
But daffodils, primroses, cowslips and clover,
This small yellow brier rose brings in its train
The sweets that belong to the springs that are over,
The thought of which makes my old heart young again.

I catch a faint breath from the lilacs that grew
Beside the worn doorstep my girlish feet knew.
I see the pink boughs of the apple trees swaying
Above the old moss covered fence by the lane,
And once more beneath them two figures come straying,
And my heart falls a-beating as though young again.

We're old folks together, this wee rose and I,
Old friends who can talk of the good days gone by.
Your new fashioned dames in their velvet attire,
Your Duchesse, your Comtesse, your Madame la Reine,
They're fair, and they're sweet, but the old yellow brier,
The rose of my youth, makes my heart young again.

—Cornelia K. Rathbone in Good Housekeeping.

THE QUARTER BACK.

"I don't see how we are going to win with the team in its present state—Fred sick with a fever, Phil called away by illness in his family, and now George has a sprained ankle—and the game to be played within a week. I tell you, boys, it's awful!" And the captain of the Fairfield academy football team gazed ruefully about him.

The practice game was just over, and the boys had gathered in a little group on the edge of the field for a few moments to talk over the game with the Hazen institute.

It was late in the fall, but the day was remarkably mild, so the boys did not think it necessary to hurry to their dressing rooms. They were a fine looking lot of fellows, even in their ungainly football dress, with its heavy padding. The finest looking of them all was the captain, tall and large for his years, and well proportioned.

"We must win the game this year," he went on. "It is particularly important because of our defeat last year. I don't see how we are going to do it, though, with our best men away and no substitutes to speak of."

The word "substitute" seemed suddenly to direct the attention of the group to a small fellow who stood a little apart from them, though he was near enough to hear what they said. His suit looked new compared with the well worn, soiled and stained garments of his companions, showing at once that he was a beginner. Besides this he was remarkably small—so small that he seemed out of place on the football field.

Looking closer, one could see a sharp, nervous, resolute face that denoted power, well knit muscles and a wiry build.

There was silence for a few moments, then the small figure suddenly spoke:

"I wish," he said to the captain, "you could try me in the game. I am sure I would do well."

If a bomb had exploded in the field, the boys could not have shown more surprise.

"Try you in a game?" the captain repeated, as if he could not believe his ears. "Why, we should lose you in the first scrimmage."

The group of fellows laughed derisively. A dusky flush mounted to John Ahl's face, but he said nothing. He had been treated with this good natured contempt from the first day he put on his football suit to practice with them.

He had a great ambition to be a football player, and with this end in view he practiced constantly, being in the field at every opportunity. He had always admired the captain, and had wished for the chance to take part in a game under him, but he had always played on the scrub team, and had little chance to distinguish himself, being surrounded by poor players who helped him make bad plays, but did little to aid him in making good ones.

"Play on the team!" exclaimed Joe Anderson, a tall, stalwart fellow, whose position was at right guard, and who would have been a remarkable player had he practiced properly. "Why, if you did, some one would mistake you for the ball and carry you across the line and make a touchdown with you. I tell you what you can do—carry the ball for us on and off the field. We will let you begin at once. Bring it in with you when you come." And with a shout of derisive laughter Anderson started for the dressing rooms, followed by the others, leaving John Ahl and the football sole occupants of the field.

For a moment or two John stood there, his heart heavy as lead, the words of his comrades burning in his ears. A great sadness came over him as he realized how insignificant he was and with what contempt he was treated. The school buildings never looked more massive in the gathering twilight, the ballground never looked larger, and his chances as a player never more hopeless.

He stood but a moment or two, however. The resolute look soon came back to his face. He stooped and picked up the ball. Then, instead of carrying it toward the buildings he rolled it slowly along the ground, leaping after it and falling upon it, then clasping it closely to his breast. Again and again he did this, now rolling the ball slowly, now swiftly.

As it grew later some of the boys happened to look out in the direction of the field.

"What is that?" the captain said as a small figure like a shadow in the gloom would suddenly appear and disappear, rise and descend, vanish and return.

"Oh, that," said Joe Anderson, with a laugh "is the substitute trying to kill time or himself by falling on the ball."

It was late when John Ahl, weary and bedraggled, carrying the ball close under one arm, and with the stern, resolute look still upon his face, entered the school buildings, and the field was at last deserted.

* * * * * * *

The much talked of event of the year, the football game between the Fairfield academy and the Hazen institute, was about to be played. The grand stand was a maze of color, and an immense crowd of spectators surrounded the field on all sides. The delegations from the rival schools were cheering themselves hoarse. The day was a perfect one—the sky cloudless, the air crisp and cool.

A wild shout came from the Hazen institute boys as their team began kicking and falling on the ball. Then another and greater shout went up as the Fairfield academy team, headed by their handsome captain, entered from the other end of the field.

"My, isn't he fine looking!" a pretty girl said to her neighbor as she spied the captain.

"Yes, but look at that cute little fellow," her friend replied.

Sure enough, the last one of the team was John Ahl, who, taking advantage of his privilege to carry the ball, had it clasped tightly under one arm. As his team advanced toward the center of the field Ahl dropped the ball, his foot touched it, and it sailed high in the air.

"My, what a kick for a little fellow!" some one said.

Then the teams began to fall upon, kick and pass the ball. No one among them seemed to do it better than Ahl. Several people remarked it, and great surprise was expressed when, on the teams lining up for the game, Ahl was seen to retire to the side lines.

The game began with the Fairfield academy having the ball at the kickoff. The teams lined up; the captain of the Fairfield academy raised his foot, swung his leg forward, and the ball shot toward the Hazen institute goal, only to be caught by a player who made ten yards before he was downed by the end rush of the Fairfield academy. This was followed by a gain of five yards through the center, five yards more around the end, three more between tackle and guard and two more through the center.

The Hazen institute team was working like a machine in perfect unison, and carrying the ball rapidly down the field toward its opponent's goal line. The Fairfield team, weakened by the absence of two of its regular players whose places were filled by substitutes, seemed unable to stop the onward rush.

On the 15 yard line the Fairfield eleven made a desperate rally and held the enemy until they secured the ball on downs. On two trials they failed to gain, and the captain fell back for a kick. The ball was passed to him, and in a moment more it sailed just over the heads of the players, and the academy goal was for the time out of danger.

But only for a time, for again the opposing team used its rushing tactics for good gains. On it came, and this time there was no stopping it. On the ten yard line the Fairfield players held them for two downs. Then there was a terrific struggle, and the ball was carried over the line for a touchdown. A goal was easily kicked, and the score stood: Hazen institute, 6; Fairfield academy, 0.

When the ball was taken back for the kickoff, it was secured by the Hazen institute team, who began by making a gain, then short, sure gains.

To John Ahl the day seemed black indeed. Though he did not play every faculty was centered on the playing of his team. He hoped against hope that it would stop the steady advance of the opposing players. There seemed no chance of doing this. Again the ball was near the academy's goal line. For a time they stood firm, but in a scrimmage George Green, who was playing quarter back for the academy, hurt his weak ankle so badly that he could play no longer.

This was bad indeed, for there was no one to put in his place. Already two substitutes were playing on the team, and there was no one left but little John Ahl, for the football material had been very scarce in the academy that year.

What should they do? The captain knit his brows in anxious thought. The game would have to go on, and they were almost beaten as it was. With John Ahl at quarter back there would be no hope of winning.

"Well, I suppose I shall have to take him," he muttered to himself, "and yet it is the same as giving the game away." He approached the side lines abruptly, and in a surly voice called, "John Ahl."

"We are certainly lost now," one of the team remarked, and the faces of most of them wore a discontented and hopeless look.

Ahl was by the captain's side in an instant.

"You will play at quarter back," the captain said.

Again the Hazen institute men prepared for a plunge, but this time they did not make a yard, for as their half back dashed for the line Ahl sprang forward to meet him, where, judging from the plays he had seen a moment or two before, he would try to break through. As he struck the line Ahl grasped him with a quick low tackle.

Once more the teams lined up, and again the Hazen men tried to break through, but again their half back was met by Ahl, who seemed to be everywhere.

The crowd cheered at the last tackle, as it stopped what the Hazen institute team thought to be a sure gain on a trick play. This tackle, owing to a fumble, secured the ball for the Fairfield academy team.

The surprise of the captain of the academy team at these tackles was great. He knew that they could not have been done better, and he saw that through them the advance of the opposing eleven was for a time checked. Calling in his backs, the captain prepared to advance the ball. As they leaned over, ready to have it snapped back, he patted Ahl on the shoulder, and said, "Good work, old man—good work."

The team seemed to have gained new heart, and as the signal was given for the left half back to try between tackle and guard they held like a rock except where the hole was to be made, and they easily gained five yards. Ahl saw this was a weak place in his opponents' line, and again he shouted out the same signal in different numbers.

Slowly but surely the Fairfield academy men began to push the ball up the field and away from their own goal. The captain, who had been directing the signals up to this time, now allowed Ahl full sway, as he noticed the steady gains that came as a result of Ahl's judgment.

Suddenly Ahl gave the signal for a run round the end, using the half back who had up to this time done but little work. Like a flash the team fell into the combination. The institute team, having blocked easily, did not expect it, but was prepared for another plunge through the line. The result was a gain of 20 yards.

Again the academy team plowed through the center for steady gains, and, just before time was called for the first half, the captain, who was playing full back, carried the ball across the line for a touchdown, making the score a tie.

Time over, the teams lined up for the final struggle of the second half.

The Hazen institute boys were confident of success, depending on their rushes though the center. But these plays did not turn out so successful as in the first half. Again and again they were blocked, and after the tackle had been made in almost every case it was John Ahl who rose from the struggling group. He was playing superbly, and the crowd, noticing his remarkable tackles, cheered him at every attempt.

The game was evenly fought, the playing being near the center of the field most of the time, though now and then it would sway toward one goal or the other.

As time went on the excitement grew greater and greater until it almost reached fever heat.

For awhile the Hazen institute men seemed to be getting the best of it; by short, close rushes, by combination plays, by runs round the end, they steadily advanced the ball. Time was drawing to a close, and as the score was still a tie they played desperately. They had advanced some distance into the territory of the Fairfield academy team when they lost the ball.

The academy captain at once made an attempt to advance with it, but was unsuccessful, and he dropped back for a kick. The ball was soon flying through the air toward the opponents' goal.

The teams lined up quickly, for there was no time to lose. The Hazen institute men at once prepared to again advance the ball on their quick combination plays; 6-18-7 was the signal given, and the half back, head down, rushed forward as the ball was passed to him. A moment later he struck the line, and it became a pushing, struggling mass of bodies. Suddenly the ball shot out of the heap; it had been fumbled. Now was the time for Ahl. Now was the time to use the dexterity he had gained by constant, lonely practice. Quick as a flash he has seized the ball, hugging it tightly to his chest.

His small size, his quickness, his agility, all help him now, and he is through the line like a dart of light, a clear field before him, for the backs of the Hazen institute are playing close to the line in their efforts to advance the ball. He dodges two outstretched hands, he hears a fall as a tackler hurls himself forward in the effort to grasp him. He feels rather than hears the rush of feet behind him, his own men blocking the other team as best they can. Above it all is the roar of the crowd, sounding in his ears like the rush of some huge mass of water over a fall.

Ahl is running as he never ran before. He knows his pursuers are gaining and the goal line seems so far away. Twice his captain has saved him by blocking off a tackler, but at last he goes down himself.

The goal line is drawing near. Will he reach it? His breath comes in great gasps; the field seems to be spinning round like a top. A few more steps only now. Suddenly he is seized from behind, but, with superhuman exertion, he hurls himself forward and slides over the goal line with two of the opposing team upon him.

They have him at last, but it is too late. The run is made and under his breast the football rests upon the ground beyond the goal line. There is barely time to kick a goal, and the game is won.

John Ahl is a substitute no longer. His fellow students do not snub him now, but whenever the Fairfield academy team plays you will see him where the battle rages hottest, and it is said that it now seldom loses a game.—Denver News.

A "Bottomless" Abyss.

The celebrated "bottomless abyss" of France is situated in the province of Vaucluse and is considered one of the most interesting geological wonders in the world. It is called the abyss of Jean Nauveah and has been known for centuries. It is from 3 to 12 feet in diameter and practically bottomless. It is supposed to be the vent of an ancient geyser.—St. Louis Republic.

Natural.

She—I understand Going has had an oil painting made of that horse of his.

He—You mean that balky horse?

She—Yes; and it was so natural that when the artist touched it up it refused to move.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Cynic Explains.

Did you ever see a small dog running after a train of cars and thinking it was running away from him? Some things remind us of that.—Birmingham (Ala.) State.

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BALLADE OF DREAMS TRANSPOSED.

Some may like to be shut in a cage
Cooped in a corner a-tippling tea,
Some may in troublesome toil engage
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
Over the mountain and over the sea
Now in the country and now in the town,
And when I'm wrinkled and withered, maybe
Then I'll marry and settle down.

Some may pore over a printed page
And never know bird nor beast nor tree,
Watching the world from book or stage,
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
So, ho for the forest, and ho for the lea
And ho for the river and prairie brown,
And ho for a gay, long jubilee!
Then I'll marry and settle down.

Why should I wait till gray old age
Brings me the chance to be rich and free?
I have no money. It makes me rage,
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
Though oft, with my lover upon my knee,
She has frolicsome eyes and a fetching gown!
I fear if my heart's to be held in fee,
Then I'll marry and settle down.

ENVOY.

Prince, my sweetheart, will not agree,
But the luck of a rover's the thing for me!
She says I must stay, and I fear her frown;
Then I'll marry and settle down.
—Lark.

RELICS OF HANSE MERCHANTS.

A Museum Full of Curious Reminders of the Old Baltic League.

But one of the most entertaining places was the Hanseatic house, or museum, which stands in the Finnegaard, on the Tydskebrygge. It is the last remaining habitation occupied by that notorious ring of German traders who settled down in Bergen, Norway, in the fourteenth century and monopolized its commerce for some 200 or 300 years, until its power was finally broken in the eighteenth century. All the other houses have been burned or otherwise destroyed, and this was the only one left standing.

We climbed up to a room in the second story, about 8 by 15 feet square, and here were shown a large number of curious articles formerly used by these old merchants. There were scales and weights, the latter being of two sorts—one for buying and one for selling—clocks, lanterns, candlesticks, snuff-boxes, washing bowls, drinking cups and tankards, machines for chopping cabbage and staves with bags for making collections in church. We were also shown lamps that were fed with cod liver oil, not then used for medicinal purposes; decorations made of strips of dried codfish, and the arms of the league—half an eagle and half a cod, the latter surmounted by a crown which suggested the origin of the term "codfish aristocracy."

Then, through a dark, rickety stairway, we continued our climb to the third story and were shown the merchants' business office and the apartments for the clerks and bedrooms for all. These last were the most curious of the whole suit, for the beds are constructed like the berths of a ship and are closed on one side with hinged or sliding doors, while on the other shutters open to a passage beyond to enable the female domestics to make the beds without entering the men's rooms. The Hanseatic community was supposed to be strictly celibate in order to prevent its members from intermarrying with Norwegians, and thus allowing the natives to obtain a share of the monopolized trade.—Boston Transcript.

A Dwarf Takes Second Growth.

Sir Geoffrey Hudson, the celebrated English dwarf of the seventeenth century, was doubtless the most widely known human curiosity of his time. He was born of parents of the normal size at Rutlandshire in 1619. At birth he weighed less than a pound and a half, and was only 8 inches in length. He did not begin to walk until after the end of his third year, his height at that time being less than a foot. At the end of his seventh year he was taken into the family of the Duke of Buckingham, having between the ages of 3 and 7 years added but four inches to his stature. With Buckingham he lived until 30 years old, at which time he was only 18 inches in height when equipped in fashionable high heeled shoes.

At the age of 30, however, a remarkable change came over the midget, and for the next five years his growth was as remarkable for its rapidity as it had previously been for its backwardness. At the age of 30 his height had been scant 1½ feet. At 35 it was 3 feet and 9 inches! How or why this remarkable change was brought about was a question too deep for the Society of Royal Surgeons, who, time and again, discussed the phenomenon without arriving at any satisfactory conclusions. Hudson lived to be 65, which is three times the average length of life among giants.—St. Louis Republic.

Proved It.

Fortune Teller—You may in time make a good income, but you will never be rich.

Young Man—Eh? Why not?

Fortune Teller—You are not saving. You are wasteful.

Young Man—My, my, I'm afraid that is true! You have a wonderful gift! How did you know I was wasteful?

Fortune Teller—You have just wasted 5 shillings getting your fortune told.—London Tit-Bits.

A Left Handed One.

"Do you understand French, Jack?" asked an Alleghany young man of his chum.

"A little."

"Then perhaps you can help me. Miss Northside told me last night that I was non persona grata, and I would like to know what sort of a compliment she meant to bestow upon me."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

There is no work of genius which has not been the delight of mankind, no word of genius to which the human heart and soul have not, sooner or later, responded.—Lowell.

It is said that among the Mexican populace there is an idea that the lizard warns men of the approach of a serpent.

DISLIKE NEW CLOTHES.

Trainers of Animals Run Risks In Appearing In Them.

"It is a strange thing," said a well known trainer of animals, "how many outbreaks and accidents have resulted from a trainer wearing a strange costume. Quite recently a lady performer who had made some alterations in her dress had a narrow escape. The tiger with whom she usually appeared turned sulky from the start, and at last absolutely refused to do one of the tricks. Its mistress urged and threatened to no purpose, and finally attempted to use the whip. The moment she attempted to do so the infuriated animal flew at her, and if it had not been for a boarhound which was performing with them, Miss S. would probably have lost her life. The brave dog snapped at the tiger and distracted its attention until his mistress had succeeded in making her escape. Unfortunately he was injured by the tiger's claws."

"How do you account for such outbursts?"

"The tiger evidently did not recognize his mistress in her change of costume. As a rule, very few alterations are made. The same dog always appears in the same act, and so on, the idea of acquaintanceship and familiarity thus being maintained. Why, even if a hat or a wrap happens to lie within reach outside the arena the animal is sure to see it at once, and if it can get at it will promptly tear it to pieces."

"Have there been many such accidents recently?"

"About a year ago a lion tamer in New York wore a full dress suit instead of his usual military costume at one of the performances. As soon as the lion saw the change of clothing he made direct at him. Now lions do not, like tigers, try to kill instantly, but strike out with their paws to knock their enemy down. In this case the lion's claws caught the trainer's face, inflicting severe injuries. But he is still at the business, though the scars of the struggle are very plainly visible."

"Do these outbursts ever have fatal results?"

"Sometimes. Another lady performer made an alteration in her dress that displeased the tiger with whom she was acting, whereupon the savage beast pounced upon her, killing her instantly. This animal has never been allowed to perform since."—Nineteenth Century.

The Young Ladies of the Ballet.

The young ladies who have acquired from long practice the faculty of standing about unconsciously and imperviously in drafts with bare legs, arms and shoulders do not charm the gentlemen of today as they fascinated their fathers. The foyer lives upon its ancient fame, and is still curious to look at, but it has fallen from the high place which once belonged to it in the life of Paris.

When I first saw it, the gathering was in its full glory. Almost miserable as was the room, with its dirty, sloping floor (corresponding with the incline of the stage), its low ceiling, and its air of general discomfort, the scenes that went on in it, the words that were spoken in it, and the people that frequented it, were absolutely apart; nothing like them was to be found elsewhere. The mixture of brilliancy, of elegance, of dance, of sparkling talk (on the side of the men), of lovemaking and of laughter was prodigious. Neither natural nor experimental chemistry has ever produced a more intimate compound of fantastic elements. It was social and moral synthesis in its intensest form. At that time the habitues of the foyer were convinced that they could not live without it; it had become necessary to their lives. The present generation manages to subsist away from it.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Abraham Lincoln's Peach.

A young lady sends to the Chicago Tribune a little anecdote of Abraham Lincoln. She says that a good many years ago, when her father was a small boy, her grandfather brought Abraham Lincoln home one night to supper. He was then a poor young man practicing law in Woodford county, Ills.

It was a cold, stormy night, and grandma hurried around getting supper. To have something nice, she opened a jar of preserved peaches. Lincoln spent a long time over his peach and finally left it on the plate.

Grandma noticed this, and as soon as he and grandpa had gone into another room she went to look at the dish. Then she saw that instead of a peach she had given the visitor the little muslin sack which contained the peach kernels and the spice. She hastened into the other room and began an apology, but Mr. Lincoln said:

"That was all right, Mrs. Perry. My mother used the same thing, and it was so good that I wanted to get all the juice out of it."

Not a Mere Clerk.

Wealthy Parent—What! Engaged yourself to young Tapester! Outrageous. The idea of a Van Juneberry marrying a mere store clerk!

Daughter—But he isn't a store clerk now, papa. He is a gentleman of leisure.

"Eh?"

"Yes, he's been discharged."—Salina Herald.

Procrastination.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one and that lost time is lost eternity!—Max Muller.

When Meaux was surrendered to Henry IV, clemency was promised to the population if six of the leading defenders were "given up to justice." These six were surrendered, and four of them were beheaded.

The good things which belong to prosperity may be wished, but the good things which belong to adversity are to be admired.—Seneca.

THE FASTNET LIGHT.

It Is the First Glimpse the American Gets of Foreign Shores.

The first glimpse of Great Britain that the American tourist gets on his European tour is that of the Fastnet lighthouse.

It stands on a rugged and solitary rock, situated nine miles south of Crookhaven, at the extreme southwest corner of Ireland, and is perhaps more stormbeaten than any other around our coast. The rock is 80 feet in height, and the lighthouse towers another 70 feet above, yet, in winter gales, the Atlantic billows literally bombard the massive structure and have even smashed in a portion of the lantern at the summit of the erection, the seas frequently sweeping over the rock with tremendous force. Some two or three years ago the stormy weather then prevailing prevented all communication with the rock for many weeks, so that the store of food was consumed, with the exception of some flour. At last a schooner managed to approach sufficiently near to enable a small quantity of food to be dragged through the sea by the hungry men, and fortunately the next day the sea moderated, and the stores were once more fully replenished.

Except in very calm weather the Fastnet is surrounded by a fringe of foam, and the only means of landing is by the aid of a "jib" 58 feet in length, so placed on the rock that, in moderate weather, its end reaches outside the surf. When a visitor wishes to land (an unusual occurrence), he is rowed in a small boat as near as the waves permit, and the lightkeepers throw out a small buoy, attached to a rope, which is secured by the man in the boat. The jib is then swung out, and the visitor, placing one foot in the loop and catching tight hold of the rope, is hoisted about 40 feet vertically, and then the jib, being pivoted at its foot, swings him horizontally about 100 feet on to a safe landing.—London Sketch.

ENGINEERING BY A MOUSE.

The Skillful Plan by Which He Got Himself Out of a Deep Hole.

"While digging holes for telegraph poles at Byron, Me.," said a Western Union man, "I became interested in watching the ingenuity and perseverance of a mouse. He fell into one of the holes, which was 4½ feet deep and 20 inches across. The first day he ran around the bottom of the hole, trying to find some means of escape, but could not climb out. The second day he settled down to business. He began steadily and systematically to dig a spiral groove round and round the inner surface of the hole with a uniformly ascending grade. He worked night and day, and as he got farther from the bottom he dug little pockets where he could either lie or sit and rest. Interested witnesses threw in food.

"At the end of two weeks the mouse struck a rock. This puzzled him. For nearly a day he tried to get under, around or over the obstruction, but without success. With unflinching patience he reversed his spiral and went on tunneling his way in the opposite direction. At the end of four weeks he reached the top and probably sped away to enjoy his well earned freedom. His escape was not seen. When his food was put in in the morning, he was near the surface, but at night the work was seen to be complete, and the little engineer, whose pluck and skill had saved his life, had left."—New York Sun.

The Only Venomous Bird.

Among all the thousands of feathered creatures classified by the trained ornithologists, but one, the rpir n'doob, or "bird of death," is known to be venomous. This queer and deadly species of the winged and feathered tribe is a native of the island of Papua, or New Guinea. The bird is described as being about the size of a common tame pigeon, of gray plumage, and a tail of extraordinary length, ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet red. It is a marsh bird and is found to inhabit only the immense stagnant pools adjoining the lakes of the interior of the island. The rpir has a hooked beak, as sharp as a cock's spur and hollow. The venom with which he inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which nature has provided for that purpose and which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under this poison secreting laboratory in the roof of the mouth is a small, fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim, this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound. No man, native or otherwise, was ever known to recover from a bite inflicted by a rpir n'doob. The suffering in such cases is said to be much more agonizing than in cases of rattlesnake and Gila monster bites.—St. Louis Republic.

Lombroso.

Professor Lombroso, the famous criminologist, is thus described by one who knows him well: "In appearance Lombroso is not distinguished. He is short and rather stout; a few silvery threads shine in his dark hair; his mustache is gray, his imperial entirely white. His conversation is simple and pleasing and rendered exceedingly interesting by his powerful memory and vast learning. Owing to his long residence in Turin, he uses many Piedmontese words and phrases."

A Bargain.

She—I bought you a beautiful box of cigars today.

He—But I've got cigars to burn already.

"Yes, but they were so cheap! The man told me the box alone was worth the price I paid."—Yonkers Statesman.

Given Warning.

Venomous snakes are slow in doing mischief. The cobra di capello, the toy of Indian jugglers, retains its fangs, but never uses them except to resent injuries, and then, opening its crest and hissing violently, it darts on its victim, who has notice to escape.

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Div 10—P Mahaffey, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Hannigan, R S, 5020 Dyer st; Thos Galliger, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av.

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Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; H J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Moloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2956 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Thomas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 204 30th st; Patrick J Lunge, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrance Dunn, Rec Sec, 5339 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec, Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoriasts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McKinson, Pres, 5818 Justine st; P McMahon, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Ladin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; H Burke, F S; Martin Muleahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O'Mara, Fin Sec; Thomas Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4525 Dryer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M. Sullivan, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Plunkett hall, 2801 Union av.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4516 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 25—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4656 Wentworth av; Thos Kilroughy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 343 Britsiol st; James A Waish, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 51st st and Went worth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Reelan, Pres, 10610 Calhoun av; P C Hanrahan, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, 10610 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Heslin, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, ill, 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3606 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, V-P; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 5437 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Dunhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Mclnerney, Treas. Meet 3d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 6958 st.

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ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres, 434 W. Ohio-st; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; H. E. Sheil, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T Hartigan, N McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo O Synon, Med Ex Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 98 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 267 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 739 Hisman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 348 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1835 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 239 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1321 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2956 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Hals ed sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 356 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, ass at and hisago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1-t and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1046 W 57th st; R S, J Y Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy Meet in Allen's hall, 709 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 981 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Asbenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 62 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 183 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 184 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Meier, 594 W Division st; F S, J Smith; Treas, Jas Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Baiebracht, 1067 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Malbach; Treas, M Lilligmeet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 79 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 465 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Cybusme ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 Lasalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Maret st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kenae. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Lasalle st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2805 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, Joan Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Hendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Tuursday at 7:30 in Rink's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burke; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3600 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F T Jessen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Scangemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alpoonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Lava No 41—C R Antoine Fournier, 2060 Jospha st; R S, T T Pratte, 2333 Archer av; F S, P DeGuise; T, Joseph Boudard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John F Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 252 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cahnon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dwyer, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cassel and Chicago av

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This is an Elgin or Waltham movement, open face, with beveled glass crystal, warranted to wear like solid gold for fifteen years: stem wind and stem set, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form. This watch is a great bargain and a perfect timepiece. The case is handsomely engraved. We send this watch, delivery guaranteed, to any of our readers in this country for.$11.50

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104 is a solid 14-kt. U. S. assay, 40 dwt. hunting case, engine turned...$40.00
105 is a 15-year gold-filled hunting case, handsomely engraved.....$22.50
106 is a 15-year gold-filled open face case handsomely engraved $20.00
107 is a 2-oz. coin silver open face, or hunting case, engine turned..$17.50
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6. Alto Solo.....“Pretty Maid Milking Her Cow”
7. Recitation.....“Shamus O’Brien”
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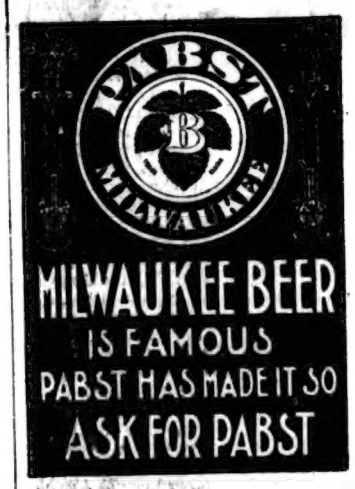

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